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READ IT

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The Bystander, November 2, 1927

WINTER SPORTS NUMBER

The BYSTANDER

PLUS ALL USUAL FEATURES

EXCELSIOR

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

Specially painted at Mürren by W. E. WIGHTMAN

SALUTE TO ADVENTURERS

A familiar sight to visitors to Mürren is a party of skiers waiting for the funicular train which takes them up another 1000ft. to the top of the Hog's Back—a place full of memories to those who go forth on skis. It is here that the tests are held under the critical gaze of much-badged Personages, and this also is the starting point of many of the *courses* of the district

'Colonies of joyous British people"

HIGH SPIRITS IN HIGH ALTITUDES

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Illustrations by H. K. ELCOCK

Now that the gloomy days have come to England many of us are thinking of the sunshiny days awaiting us in Switzerland.

It is twenty-six years since first I went to the Alps for a winter holiday, and still I am "as excited as a kid" at going again.

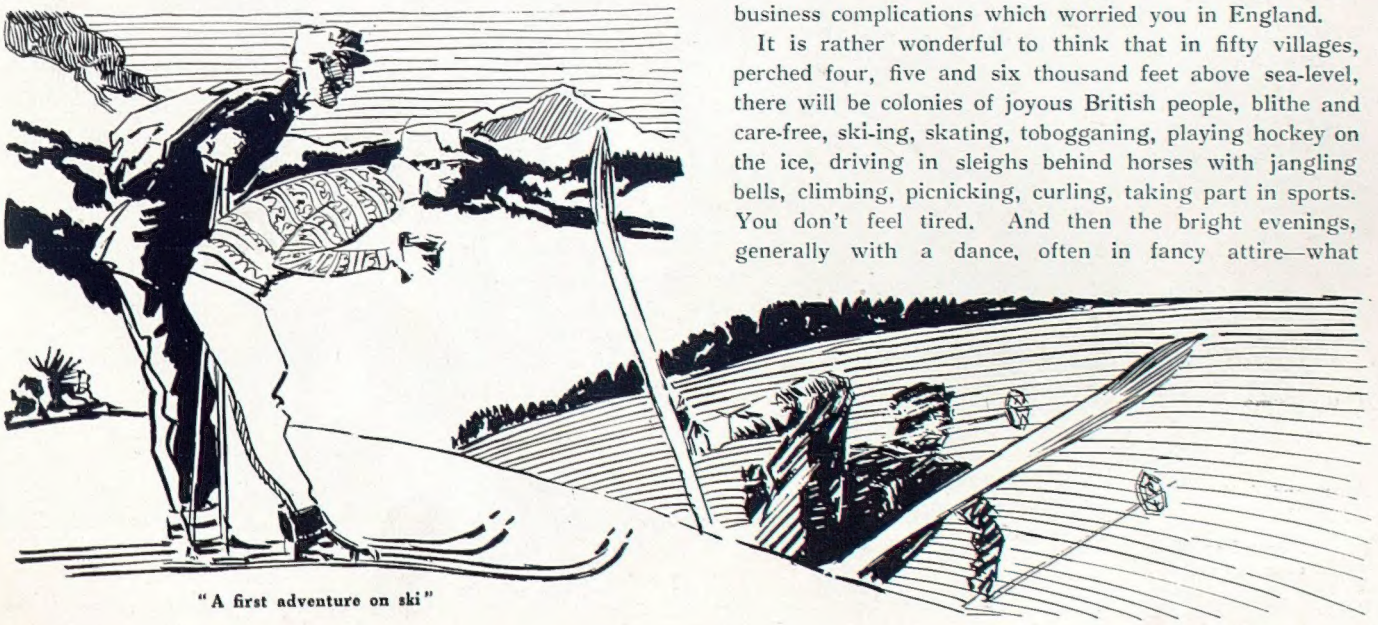
Everything is made easy for the lover of the snows. He lunches one day in London, where the streets are murky, and the next day he lunches, say, in St. Moritz, a mile up in the air, where the sun blazes warm and eyes blink in the glare.

My preliminary joy, on a dull afternoon, is to stroll up Regent Street or along Oxford Street and look in the shop windows and see all the things one ought to have in Switzerland. Particularly, however, I wonder what must be the thoughts of the men and women who have never been in the Oberland or journeyed up the Engadine, on seeing the skis, the flaming coloured jerseys and skirts, the gaudy stockings, the hefty boots, the dainty little caps and all the other smartnesses; don't their hearts bump with eagerness to join the happy throng?

It is funny to still meet folk who, when you talk of Switzerland in winter, exclaim, "Oh, I could never stand the cold!"

Of course it is cold, and you are never happy unless the thermometer outside the hotel door shows the temperature is well below freezing point. When the sun dips and a breeze is blowing your nose and ears tingle. But most of the time you are never conscious of the cold. Even when not taking exercise, but just lounging about, you feel as warm as on a genial day in August at home. You lunch out of doors. If you are a woman and you go to an ice gymkhana, you want a parasol. The air is dry and rare and invigorating. If you are a youngster you revel. If you are a middle-aged fellow, like myself, you feel you have regained the energy of boyhood, and you care nothing for those business complications which worried you in England.

It is rather wonderful to think that in fifty villages, perched four, five and six thousand feet above sea-level, there will be colonies of joyous British people, blithe and care-free, ski-ing, skating, tobogganing, playing hockey on the ice, driving in sleighs behind horses with jangling bells, climbing, picnicking, curling, taking part in sports. You don't feel tired. And then the bright evenings, generally with a dance, often in fancy attire—what



"A first adventure on ski"

rompings they are! We British have the reputation of being a glum, stand-offish, keeping-ourselves-to-ourselves lot—but not when the clear air of the Alps has got hold of us! We are the jolliest crowd on earth. We can on occasion let ourselves go—and do. We may be just a little "sniffy" toward each other at home, but we love the democratic spirit when amongst the snows.

As an old campaigner in Switzerland I envy the rapture of young people coming into this new heaven of delight. As the train slowly climbs the gorges, with their mighty roaring streams and masses of frozen torrent, like the pipes of a great organ, and the engine curvets into the mountains, riding higher at each curve and revealing gleaming snowy peaks, there is shouting and laughter and the glint of expectancy is in all the young eyes. Yes, I envy that!

Then the tumbling out on the little platform and hunting for one's skis and getting into the sleighs and, to the tune of bells, being swung off to the hotel and there welcomed by enthusiastic friends who have all sorts of programmes for to-morrow—oh, joy!

As I scribble, here in London, with rain threatening from a lowering sky, I find my pen beginning to jump in ecstasy at my recollection of happy times.

A first adventure on ski—and a ruffianly friend grinning whilst taking a snapshot of one's acrobatic predicament! Then swanking at luncheon about triumphs on the "nursery slope"! Then days of long expeditions, away up the white valleys to where there are sweeps down the mountain sides—what is aeroplaning to this sort of thrill!—and unloading of rucksacks and jolly luncheons squatting in the snow, and back in the late afternoon with tales to tell over the tea-table. Once I climbed for seven hours and came back to my starting point in just twenty minutes—some swish! There is no buoyant sensation like it in the world.

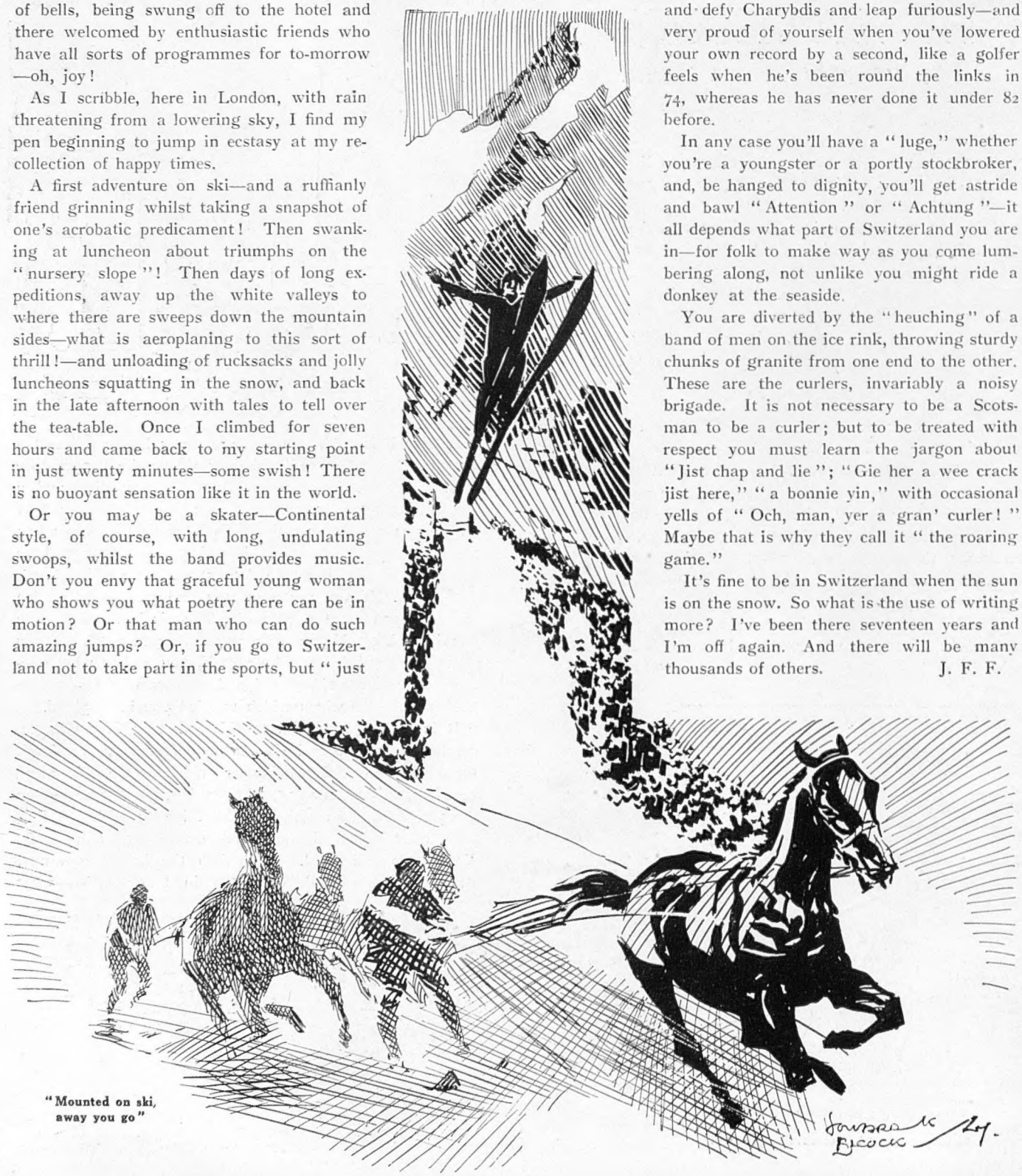
Or you may be a skater—Continental style, of course, with long, undulating swoops, whilst the band provides music. Don't you envy that graceful young woman who shows you what poetry there can be in motion? Or that man who can do such amazing jumps? Or, if you go to Switzerland not to take part in the sports, but "just because you love the sunshine," isn't it pleasant to get into a big chair and watch the others being happy? The costumes are gay and the morning passes pleasantly. The onlooker is by no means "out of it."

At St. Moritz you can see horse-racing on the ice-bound lake. Anywhere you can enjoy ski-jöring; mounted on ski away you go, loosely tethered to a horse, which may have a rider, though it is better fun and more risky to go without one, helter-skelter over the roads. "Bobbing"—not "bob, bob, bobbing along," in the words of the song—is great sport, with your team on the "sled" swinging, swirling down a prepared track like the much-quoted streak of lightning. I prefer road bobbing, where you can get an exciting, dangerous-cornered, breathless, let-her-rip run for four or five miles. And then the toboggan races on ice-polished courses, riding face downwards on steel runners, throwing your body from side to side as you dodge Scylla and defy Charybdis and leap furiously—and very proud of yourself when you've lowered your own record by a second, like a golfer feels when he's been round the links in 74, whereas he has never done it under 82 before.

In any case you'll have a "luge," whether you're a youngster or a portly stockbroker, and, be hanged to dignity, you'll get astride and bawl "Attention" or "Achtung"—it all depends what part of Switzerland you are in—for folk to make way as you come lumbering along, not unlike you might ride a donkey at the seaside.

You are diverted by the "heuching" of a band of men on the ice rink, throwing sturdy chunks of granite from one end to the other. These are the curlers, invariably a noisy brigade. It is not necessary to be a Scotsman to be a curler; but to be treated with respect you must learn the jargon about "Jist chap and lie"; "Gie her a wee crack jist here," "a bonnie yin," with occasional yells of "Och, man, yer a gran' curler!" Maybe that is why they call it "the roaring game."

It's fine to be in Switzerland when the sun is on the snow. So what is the use of writing more? I've been there seventeen years and I'm off again. And there will be many thousands of others. J. F. F.



"Mounted on ski, away you go"

CUBBING WITH THE QUORN

L.N.A.

MODERN DIANAS OF THE CHASE

Three riders to hounds enjoying a joke and cigarette at the meet at Lord Beatty's residence, Brooksby Hall. The group comprises the Hon. Averill Furness (left), Mrs. Whaley and Mrs. Furlong

Alfieri

ROYALTY IN THE SADDLE

The Duke of York photographed while out for a morning's cubbing recently. The meet took place at Mr. Dunthorne's farm at Wymeswold

A HUNTING FIELD HONEYMOON *L.N.A.*

Another photograph taken at the meet at Brooksby Hall. The Hon. Freddie Cripps and the Hon. Mrs. Cripps, who before her recent marriage was Violet Duchess of Westminster, are seen waiting to move off

Photographs

A HUNTING PRINCE IN THE SADDLE

Prince Henry, who is a really fine horseman, is a keen rider to hounds. He is seen above at the recent meet at Ulverstone Ruins

L.N.A.

AN "EASY" BEFORE ACTION

Mrs. Paget, Mrs. Whetstone and Mrs. Fielding Johnson chatting at the meet at Ulverstone Ruins. Mrs. Paget is the wife of the Joint-Master, Mr. W. E. Paget

MRS. JENKINS, COLONEL JENKINS AND LORD DIGBY

COLONEL AND MRS. J. ST. V. FOX WITH MISS FOX

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Queen's Bereavement

UNIVERSAL sympathy will go out to the Queen in the death of her brother, the Marquess of Cambridge, the suddenness of which adds to the blow. Only three days before his death he had been present with Lady Cambridge at a charity function not far from their home, Shotton Hall, near Shrewsbury.

There are many people to whom news of Lord Cambridge's death will recall the happy and united family at White Lodge, where on Sunday afternoons the late Duchess of Teck used to collect round her the most interesting and amusing people in London. The three brothers, then Prince Adolphus, Prince Francis, and Prince Alexander of Teck, all remarkably good-looking young men, were devoted to their sister, then Princess May, a devotion which she fully returned. The Queen's marriage in 1893 was the first break in the happy family circle. It was followed by Prince Adolphus's marriage the next year to Lady Margaret Grosvenor, the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Westminster by his first marriage to the lovely Lady Constance Leveson-Gower.

When his father died Prince Adolphus became Duke of Teck, and three years before the War was granted the style of "Highness" instead of that of "Serene Highness." When all foreign Royal titles were discontinued in England by Royal Warrant at the King's request the then Duke assumed the surname of Cambridge and was created Marquess of Cambridge, Earl of Eltham, and Viscount Northallerton. During the first two years of the War Lord Cambridge commanded a regiment of Household Cavalry, and was also Military Secretary at General Headquarters until his health broke down and he was invalided out of the Army. Then he and Lady Cambridge settled at Shotton Hall, near Shrewsbury, where they both took a keen interest in all local affairs, and where Lady Cambridge became a successful breeder and exhibitor of dogs.

His nephew, the Prince of Wales, was to have visited Shrewsbury last Wednesday to open a new wing of the hospital, amongst other ceremonies, and the town, the hospital itself, were all being gaily beflagged and decorated in honour of the visit at the time of his distressingly sudden death.

Lord Cambridge was a year younger than the Queen. He is succeeded by his elder son, the Earl of Eltham, who married a niece of the Earl of Huntingdon. Both his daughters are married, the elder to the Duke of Beaufort, and the younger, Lady Helena, to Colonel Gibbs, of the Cold-

Photographs *News Illus.*

MRS. CHARLES BIRKIN (left) AND VISCOUNTESS SCARSDALE

AT PARK PADDOCKS

Three photographs taken at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales on the morning of the Cambridgeshire. Between sixty and seventy horses in training were put up for sale

AN OPENING MEET *L.N.A.*

A group taken at the first meet of the season of the North Down Harriers, at the residence of Mr. John Allen, Comber, Co. Down. The photograph shows Major S. H. Hall-Thompson, the Master (left), Mrs. Hall-Thompson, Mr. John Allen, Major Frank Dixon, Mr. David Munn, the Deputy Master and the Huntsman. The keen follower with the hounds is Lloyd Hall-Thompson, the son of the Master

stream Guards. His second son, Lord Frederick Cambridge, is just twenty.

In the late Duchess of Teck's letters there are constant references to "Dolly," his successes at Wellington and Sandhurst, and his first commission in the 17th Lancers. It was she who gave him the pet name of "Dolly," from his name Adolphus, and "Dolly" he always was called by his family. To a large number of friends he was always affectionately called "Dolly Teck" even after that title had ceased to exist.

Other Days

It is an open secret now that Count Albert Mensdorff, the then Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, like Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador, was kept in ignorance of his Government's intentions with regard to the War. But of the two Count Albert Mensdorff must have been the more dismayed and distressed on that August day in 1914 when he was handed his passports.

He had been Ambassador for ten years, but his experience of London dated much further back, for he was here as a young attaché in the late 'eighties. Amongst the Ambassadors he occupied a social position entirely outside diplomacy which no other Ambassador had ever occupied before, and, as things are nowadays, a position which it is scarcely probable any Ambassador will ever occupy again.

His grandmother, a Saxe-Coburg princess, was the sister of the Duchess of Kent and of Queen Victoria's "beloved Uncle Leopold," King of the Belgians. To Queen Victoria and her children he was "Cousin Bertie Mensdorff." There was scarcely a party Count Albert Mensdorff gave at the Austrian Embassy—and they were many and brilliant—at which some member of the Royal Family was not present. Some of his dinner-parties were historic, notably the one he gave for the Queen of Spain on her first visit to London after her marriage.

After the War a friend of mine met Count Albert Mensdorff in Vienna, and described him as "one of the saddest men in Europe." The War had not only brought his diplomatic career to an end, but had cut him off from many close friends in England and from all communication with the Royal Family, some of whose members were particularly devoted to him.

When an Austrian representative was once more received by our Government it was said that Count Albert Mensdorff made every effort to be given the post, so anxious was he to return. But, as we know, his efforts were not successful. However, he is now on the League of

Sport and General

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. Richard Girouard, the only son of Col. Sir Percy Girouard, photographed after his wedding at Westminster Cathedral. His bride was formerly Lady Blanche Beresford

Hay Wrightson

A NEW MARCHIONESS

The Marchioness of Cambridge, whose husband has succeeded to the title of Marquess of Cambridge on the recent death of the Queen's brother. She was formerly the Countess of Eltham

Photopress

A SOCIETY WEDDING

Viscount Weymouth photographed leaving St. Martin's-in-the-Fields after his marriage to the Hon. Daphne Vivian. Lord Weymouth is heir to the Marquess of Bath, and Lady Weymouth is the elder daughter of Lord Vivian

IN THE "GRAND STAND" *Sport and General*

Miss Martelli (left), Mr. Storrer, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Ivor Llewellyn and Mrs. Rivers Smith in their improvised grand stand—*and* the rain. The photograph was taken at Lord Tredegar's Hunter Show and Trial of Hunters at Coedkernew, near Newport

Nations Committee, and in that capacity visits his beloved London from time to time. During his last visit he went down to stay at Sandringham, where in pre-War days he was constantly included in King Edward and Queen Alexandra's parties.

Royal Service

Quite an interesting history might be written on the length of service given to the Royal Family by their Ladies- and Gentlemen-in-Waiting. In many cases it is a life-long devotion. Of these perhaps the Hon. Charlotte Knollys is the most notable instance. For years, both as Princess of Wales and Queen, she never left Queen Alexandra for a single day, sacrificing her whole life to her Royal mistress. Very soon after his accession King Edward raised Miss Knollys to the rank of a baron's daughter as a mark of the Royal appreciation of her ceaseless service. The honour has never before been conferred on a Lady-in-Waiting, and Miss Knollys is the only person in the peerage, outside those whose brothers have succeeded uncles or more distant relatives, who bears that title. Maids of Honour have the prefix of "Honourable," but that, unless they are a'ready peers' daughters, comes automatically with appointment to the office, and is not a creation as in the case of Miss Knollys.

After Queen Alexandra's death Miss Knollys came to live in a flat in London, in the arrangement and decoration of which the King and Queen took a close personal interest. Their Majesties were most anxious that everything should be done for Miss Knollys' comfort. She and Sir Henry Streatfeild, who has just given up his house in Gloucester Place and has gone to live at Chiddingstone Castle, in Kent, his ancestral home, are now the only two survivors of Queen Alexandra's old servants.

Another instance of long Royal service is Miss Minnie Cochrane, who has been Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Beatrice ever since her marriage to Prince Henry of Battenberg forty-two years ago.

A Princess of France

Versailles has just had a really Royal week. First King Fuad of Egypt stayed at the Trianon Hotel before he made his State entry into Paris in a gaily decorated and beflagged electric train. Then on the two following days hundreds of people flocked from Paris and other parts of France to the reception given by Queen Amélie of Portugal at her Château de Bellevue in honour of the engagement of her niece, Princess Anne of France, to her nephew, the Duke delle Puglie. I hear that both receptions were most democratic, the guests ranging from the noblest and oldest names in France to quite humble sympathisers with the Orléanist cause.

Princess Anne stood with her mother, the Duchess de Guise, and Queen Amélie beneath a velvet canopy at the end of one of the drawing-rooms. As each guest entered at the door one of a band of young men, each with a fleur-de-lys in his buttonhole, asked the name. This he gave to the Duchess de Guise's Lady-in-Waiting, who called it out as the guest approached the Royal ladies. Then came three curtseys or bows and the most gracious *accueil*.

The Duchess de Guise has much of the graceful stateliness of her sister, the Duchess d'Aosta, the bridegroom's mother. The bride made the happiest impression. She is pretty, very graceful, and has a captivating smile.

It is interesting, by the way, to note that the French newspapers all speak of her as Princesse Anne de France, not, as used to be the custom when speaking of any member of the Orléans family, as Princesse Anne d'Orléans. They likewise expatiate on the fact that the Princess has had her trousseau made in Paris, and gave each of the twenty-two workgirls engaged upon her wedding dress a beautiful *bonbonnière*.

Sport and General

READY FOR THE RAIN

Miss Doreen Lindsay (left), Capt. M. J. Kingscote and Mrs. Keith Menzies at Lord Tredegar's Hunter Show. The rain made it an occasion for waterproofs and umbrellas

Topical

COURSING AT NEWBURY

The Sydmonton Coursing Club recently held their annual meeting, which was well attended, at Burghclere, Newbury. The photograph shows Mrs. Smart (left), Capt. Smart, Mrs. F. T. Roberts and Mr. Collingwood watching one of the courses

A City's Gift

From Paris the bride went to Brussels to her father, who has lived in voluntary exile in Belgium since he succeeded his cousin, the Duke d'Orléans, as Pretender to the French throne. From there the Italian Royal train will take her to Naples, where her marriage to the Duke delle Puglie takes place next Saturday, November 5, at the Palace of Capodimonte. This palace, a huge building standing high above the city, and formerly a summer palace of the Kings of Naples, was handed over to the people of Naples either by the present or the late King of Italy—I forget which. They gave it to the Duke and Duchess d'Aosta as a testimony of their appreciation of the Duke's services in the War. The Duke commanded the Italian Third Army, and was largely instrumental in retrieving the disaster at Caporetto when it seemed that the Italians had met with a fatal reverse.

There will be a great gathering of the Bourbon family, headed by the King of Spain, at the wedding. It is expected that the Duke delle Puglie will be promoted to full Colonel of Artillery either upon or after his marriage, with a command in Palermo. There is a charming Villa d'Orléans at Palermo, which the late Duke d'Orléans inherited from his uncle, the Comte de Chambord, and which he left to his sister, Queen Amélie of Portugal. If her nephew is appointed to the Palermo command it is said that Queen Amélie will lend them the Villa d'Orléans

Plays for Charities

All those who want to help the Enham Village Centre for Disabled Ex-Service men, and most of us do, should take tickets for a special evening performance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which Madame Bertha Moore is arranging for the benefit of that splendid institution on November 16 at the Arts Theatre in Great Newport Street. Seats, which range from two guineas to 12s. 6d., may be had from Madame Bertha Moore, 29, Clarendon Road, W.11 Another play, a new one, entitled "Mavana," by Mr. Frank Worthington, who was Secretary for twenty-five years of Native Affairs in Northern Rhodesia, will be given at a *matinée* at the Duke of York's Theatre on December 6, in aid of the National Mother-Saving Campaign of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital.

The play deals entirely with life in Central Africa. Lady Howard de Walden and Lady Hillingdon are joint chairmen of the committee. Tickets may be had from Miss Mary Pitcairn, 29, Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

Alfieri

MISS HARGREAVES AND MISS FEA

Alfieri

MAJOR WILKINSON, LIEUT.-GEN. SIR MICHAEL RIMINGTON AND SIR JOHN LEES

A "FIELD DAY" IN DORSET

Some of those who attended the recent Dorset Retriever Field Trial Society's trials. These were held at Langton House, Blandford

Sport and General

SIR HUGH AND LADY RIPLEY

A COURSING MEET *Dennis Moss*

Mrs. and Miss Jeffries photographed with some "friends" at the recent opening meet of the Cotswold Coursing Club. This was held at Larkhill

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

'HIS MISSING LEG WAS FOUND BY A HELPFUL POLICEMAN'

Somewhere

ONE of my earliest recollections in the world of song is of an itinerant gentleman with one leg, a mauve proboscis, and a moustache like the weeping willow tree who, when November was at its novembrest, was wont to move with shuffling gait down the centre of the roadway and wring my youthful heart-strings with the vocal information that "Somw'ere ther Sun is Shi . . . nin'."

'WHIZZ WITH US'

Fond Memory

TRUE, my gentleman was afterwards discovered to be a capitalist on a considerable scale, and his missing leg was found by a helpful policeman to be neatly tucked up in a pre-war Oxford trouser; but, though disillusioned as to the *bona fides* of the singer, the painful memory of his song still lingered. It always seemed to me that, considering the weather at the time, this talk about sunshine was rubbing it in.

'TAKE YOUR FILL OF SUNSHINE AND LAUGHTER'

Official Information

SO, too, your Bystander hopes that in presenting his new Winter Sports Number he may not be accused of the outrage of rubbing it in. He pleads that his enthusiasms may be regarded in the light of official information. Somewhere the sun *is* shining (copyright reserved). Somewhere the snow is as white as the robes of the righteous, and the mountain air has a tang like wine drunk in deep draughts from a cool goblet.

Every Time's Ski-ing Time

COME, then, and take your choice. Whizz with us down the Cresta or the bob runs; cheer the racers on the frozen lake at St. Moritz. Tumble joyfully on the nursery slopes at Grindelwald, and watch (but do not, as you love your life, attempt to emulate) the whizzing flights of the stern-eyed Men of Mürren. Sample the gay delights of the French centres, of Chamonix's high valley, of Mégève and Mont Revard upon their sun-swept shelves. Take your fill of sunshine and laughter. As the unknown poet has said: "'Tis better to have *luged* and tossed, than never to have *luged* at all."

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LUGED AND TOSSED, THAN NEVER TO HAVE LUGED AT ALL

Human Nature

OF the month of November, now unhappily in our midst, let us endeavour to speak without bitterness. When he muffles us in fog, whips us with stinging rain, and introduces us to the joys of Community Coughing, we can but murmur in Dr. Watts's pious words that "it is his nature to." As the old lady said when her Alsatian bit the little boy who was pulling its tail: "What did you expect? It's only human nature."

Mark Tapley's Month

CHEERFULNESS in depressing circumstances, as our elders and betters never tire of telling us, is the sterling virtue which has made this Empire what it is to-day-my-boy; and certainly November gives the budding Mark Tapley magnificent opportunities of "coming out strong." The man who can face a London November and count his blessing to three places of decimals is a Tapley indeed.

A Point of View

YET there is such a thing as a point of view. I recently met a man who had come home after some years on India's sweltering plains. He did not speak to any extent of India's coral strand. His conversation had a tendency towards insects, dust, heat, and more insects. But when he caught the first

'THE OLYMPIAN FEAST OF ST. AUTO'

'WHEN AT LONG LAST, IF EVER, D.O.R.A. EXPIRES'

clammy whiff of a London fog and felt the city mud beneath his new goloshes, he sighed sentimentally and murmured (with Catch in voice): "Home . . . home at last!"

Cheerfulness in Adversity

IN this matter of good cheer under trying conditions the cynic, with that wry smile of his, will probably agree. The fortitude (he will tell you) with which we endure suffering is indeed a noble quality so long as the fortitude is ours and the suffering is someone else's.

Life's a thing of froth and bubble (this wicked parodist will say),
Two things stand like stone:
Courage in another's trouble—
Pity for your own.

So while I am revelling in the sunshine at St. Moritz I can weep like any walrus to think of you and muddy pavements. If that isn't true altruism, tell me what is.

The Best One Thing

THE motor world, having held high annual festival at the Olympian feast of St. Auto, moves on its way again serenely. The tumult and the shouting dies; the tourers and saloons depart . . . We are out on the open road once more, and we have now leisure to test those marvellous new gadgets which adorn our respective dashboards. Which of our acquisitions pleases us most? Is it that wonderful electric cigar-lighter? Is it the musical horn which plays selections from "Blue Skies"? The answer, as the passport photographer said, is in the negative. In this year of grace and graceless weather the motorist's primal need is something different.

Friend o' Mine

For four wheel brakes I do not call,
Nor high h.p. nor noiseless gears;
One simple need o'ershadows all
Necessities of recent years.

The rains of 1927
Discount inventions newer,
riper . . .
And so I thank the powers of heaven
For my true friend, my windscreen wiper.

Unconscionable

RUMOURS, with what foundation I know not, reach us from time to time concerning the impending demise of that ancient and withered beldame D.O.R.A. Assuredly she is not dead yet. Like the Charleston, she is alive, if kicking less than formerly, and any report of her decease is, as Mark Twain said of his own, grossly exaggerated. If she is indeed upon her deathbed, she has been, like the Merry Monarch, an unconscionable time a-dying. Thoughts of this ill-favoured hag who has ridden us so long incline us to contemplate more sympathetically that possibly misjudged person, the mediæval witch-burner. Thinking of D.O.R.A., we feel he had a point of view.

No Flowers, by Request

WHEN at long last, if ever, D.O.R.A. expires no sad-eyed mourners will follow her *cortège*. The bells will ring, but not for sorrow. Shall we, I wonder, with fearless eyes and head erect, smack down our jovial penny on the counter and call in ringing tones for matches after eight o'clock? Or shall we, still bowed beneath the tyranny of custom, steal furtively into the haunts of commerce, denizens of the underworld, with crime (at five past eight) stamped upon our every feature? Let D.O.R.A. die then (said he, ruthlessly). And let her epitaph be: "Nothing is here for tears . . ."

The Basque Dancers

A REVIEWER of the recent biography of our Winston Churchill complained somewhat indignantly that that was worthy to be remembered by something more than a silly joke about hats. So that slightly mysterious, but extremely attractive, people the Basques deserve better of us than to be known as outlandish folk who wear bérets. They have their own language, their own pottery, their own national game, and their own architecture, of which I have seen many fascinating examples in and around St. Jean de Luz. Their folk-dances, which are shortly to be seen in London, should not be missed.

TESTING THE "FRANCH"-ICE! By David Wilson

Merry Mummers

THESE folk-dances are something more than mere displays of grace and agility. They are history in motion, breathing the proud spirit and displaying the ancient traditions of a sturdy race. Indeed, there is only one country in the world that has jollier and more fascinating folk-dances than the Basques. This is a fact, though it seems to have become known only recently. Have you guessed? I mean England.

Taking Things for Granted

HAS it ever occurred to you how many important and necessary things we take for granted? This thought occurred to me when we were crossing over to Switzerland to prepare this number for you, and I realised how perfectly yet how unobtrusively those very faithful servants of the public, our own Southern Railway, the Northern Railway of France, and the Est and other French Railway Companies, undertake the task of helping us on our way to our chosen place in the sun. Yet we take them all for granted. Moreover, the traveller to Paris in the "Golden Arrow" or southwards in the Blue Train probably never gives a thought to the careful organisation of the Sleeping Car Company, which has saved him from the rush of the Customs and passport officer at Calais—he takes all this for granted, and, when you think of it, that is perhaps the sincerest compliment that he could pay to these very good friends behind the scenes.

PROSPECTS OF THE WINTER SPORTS SEASON

By G. A. DE MESTRAL

NATURE AT HER LOVELIEST
There are few sights as beautiful as a sunny morning in Switzerland after a new fall of snow. This photograph shows such a morning at Adelboden

ICE HOCKEY ON THE RINK OF THE VILLARS PALACE HOTEL

EVERY autumn the important question arises where to go for the best winter sports in Switzerland to obtain fullest enjoyment during the holidays. This all-prevailing question is once more exercising the minds of prospective visitors wishing to avail themselves of the bracing Alpine air and glorious sunshine. However, this is not altogether easy to solve, as some resorts are specially favourable for ski-ing, while others afford the facilities for skill and practice in high mountaineering which is not for everyone. Then, again, there are resorts particularly suitable for skating, curling, bob sleighing, etc.

The object of this short article is to give the "non-sportsman" some hints on the coming season which may help him in his choice. The Swiss are improving year by year their railways, hotels, and sport accommodations, so that everyone, both young and old, of rich and modest means alike, are able to participate in a winter holiday in Switzerland.

Each winter sport station nowadays has its skating rinks with perfect ice all through the winter, where skaters and curlers have plenty of sport. Runs for bob sleighs and sledges are carefully constructed in every station, and facilities for ski-ing, the "coming" sport, are always accessible to "the one who knows" from the end of November to the latter part of April. The Swiss sportsmen who only have the week-ends for ski-ing leave the towns on Saturdays and climb late into the night to reach the last chalets, spending their Sundays in the brilliant sunshine and bracing Alpine air high above the fog and dust of the towns. Electric railways bring them quickly to the spot, where from late December to late spring they are *sure* to find good snow conditions.

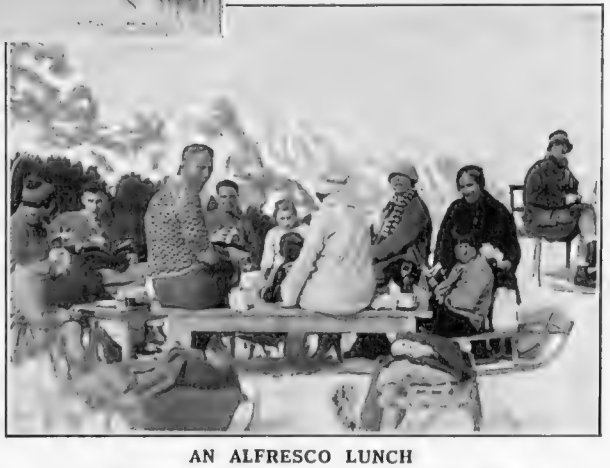
BY WEBSTER MURRAY
ON WITH THE DANCE
A *Thé Dansant* in progress at the Grand Hotel, St. Moritz

The Swiss Federal Railways issue a daily snow and weather report, quite reliable and a great help to the skiers. This report is wired every day to the London office of the Swiss Federal Railways, Regent Street, London, W. Novices will find that an excellent system of "initiation parties" is being started by Thos. Cook and Son. These parties will go out under the wing of an expert, who will put them in the way of extracting the utmost enjoyment from the sports.

Public School winter sport and the great agency presided over by Sir Henry Lunn are on the best possible terms. As usual, large numbers of Public School men will be going out to Mürren and Maloja under the ægis of these experts.

Now, if you wish to have a good time in Switzerland this winter, here are some practical hints for the coming season:—The most important attraction will undoubtedly be the Olympic Games in St. Moritz, from the 11th to 19th of February, 1928. St. Moritz offers every inducement to visitors, and this season has surpassed itself in the construction of a new ski-leap. The Olympic leap will allow a jump of from 150 to 210 feet, a stretch which is the extreme limit that human legs can support. A new great tribune has been built on the Stadium, and the bob run has been improved. Three large new hotels of 200 to 300 beds are being opened, so that during the season and the Olympic Week there will be room to accommodate every visitor, without increased charges.

The famous health resort of Davos, which has splendid ice rinks, is also doing much to improve ski-ing. Ten easy day tours have been marked with



AN ALFRESCO LUNCH
Holiday-makers making the most of the winter sunshine in Engelberg

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A Theatrical Foot—Note

E. Schneider

Marcelle Rahna, the famous Parisian dancer, who has returned to Paris after playing lead in the Haller Revue in Berlin, holds a little "foot inspection" in a way that is hardly likely to be adopted in Army circles. She is to give London a chance to admire her art some time in the not too far distant future

Produced September 8, 1927

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is a highly diverting entertainment to which all the talents would appear to have contributed. Two authors have adapted the plot from the work of two other authors, and at least five composers have had a hand in supplying the lively music. Between the Acts one of the most popular of the duets is turned into a glee by a delightful quartette of singers; and there is not only a pleasing interlude by a solo violinist, but there is also a robust performance by an expert manipulator of the Marimba-Xylophone, and, more than that, it seems to me, it would be hardly reasonable to ask. There are moments, it is true, when the authors appear to have omitted the formality of comparing notes with each other before arranging a scene, but on the whole the plot is quite as coherent as any musical comedy needs.

THE artists are astonishingly versatile. Let us begin with Miss Louise Brown, who is the leading lady of the romantic side of the entertainment. Miss Brown has agreeably perfect elocution and a charming singing voice; and when the lighter side of the proceedings demands it she can dance in the light and airy style of a Pavlova, revolving swiftly on the axis of a dainty toe until giddiness ought to supervene, but apparently does not. Miss Brown can also turn somersaults and catherine wheels, and, if she has not yet swum the Channel, I have no doubt she could easily add the feat to her other accomplishments if she chose to do so.

MR. ROY ROYSTON sings very agreeably, is an agile dancer, and is well suited with the part of the attractive hero of light comedy attributes. Far less romantic but designedly funnier is Mr. Clifford Mollison as a husband of no importance, who goes down the town and acquires a mild and unassertive fit of intoxication; while Mr. Hal Willis, who suddenly develops from a mere lift-boy into an eccentric dancer of unusual excellence, is quite a revelation. Another extraordinary dancer is Miss Hazel Macfarlane, whose startling but graceful contortions are cheered to the echo. The leading humorists are, however, Mr. George Gee and Miss Emma Haig, the latter being a delightful importation from the States, with an accent that to English ears is joyously humorous in itself. Mr. Gee is the day-clerk at the Wendell Hotel, and Miss Haig is the telephone operator, and the cross-talk of these two admirable comedians is extremely happy.

THE opening chorus is introduced with a clear touch of originality. The first scene is a railway siding on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to which a train has been shunted; and, as it comes to a standstill, the boys and girls troop out hilariously and start the singing and dancing as if merely to pass the time. It is at this point that the Romance begins. Robert (Mr. Royston) meets Kitty (Miss Louise Brown), and tells the story of his love while both are seated on the railway track waiting for the train to resume its journey. No sooner have the passengers been hustled back to their seats than Kitty discovers that she has dropped her purse. Most girls never risk more than a pocket-handkerchief in this pursuit of speculative romance, so that we may reasonably conclude that Kitty's loss was not made on purpose; but, obviously, Robert, as the perfect lover, can do no less than run back to look for the missing goods.

Stage Photo Co.

"OH, HOW COULD YOU!"

The disgruntled husband, Richard Dennison (Clifford Mollison), returns somewhat the worse for liquor. He seems slightly unpopular with Mary, the chambermaid (Polly Emery)

CLIFFORD MOLLISON AS DENNISON ARRIVING AT HOTEL COMPLETE WITH LUGGAGE

ROBERT finds the purse, and is just returning to restore it when the whistle goes, and he is left behind on the track to pursue the fleeting train. On some of our home railways, it is alleged, the pursuer in such a case would be an easy winner; but the Canadian Pacific offers the pedestrian

A BEDTIME STORY *Stage Photo Co.*

Kitty Brown (Louise Brown) and Miss Wendell (Flora Le Breton) regale some of their girl friends with the latest bedtime story. Judging by the expressions of interest on the listeners' faces, it compares favourably with any smoke-room yarn

less chance of success. Robert is obliged, therefore, to keep up the pursuit to the terminus, very much in the spirit of a man who hired an old-fashioned four-wheeled cab, only to find that, as soon as the horse started to trot, the bottom of the cab fell out and he had to run inside it all the way from Euston to Victoria. Robert arrives in due course at the Hotel Wendell, tired and travel-stained, but with the purse and its contents (whatever they may be in these days) intact.

S

It is at the Hotel Wendell that Mr. and Mrs. Burke, the uncle and aunt of Richard Dennison (Mr. Mollison), have arranged a family gathering. Provided that Richard and his wife, who have been married just twelve months, are still happy together, they are to be presented with the trifle of two hundred thousand dollars. This is a fairly large sum to throw about recklessly, but, as is well known, America has a way of getting superfluous dollars that is denied to European countries. It happens that Richard and his wife are already on nagging terms; but, happily ignorant of this disaster, uncle and aunt have booked the Bridal Suite at the hotel for the housing of the turtle doves. After the young people have met at the hotel and have snapped at each other for a while Mrs. Dennison decides to go and camp-out somewhere else; while Mr. Dennison goes down the street and gets drunk. And that's that.

This little domestic comedy having been settled, Kitty of the lost purse arrives at the Hotel Wendell to say that she wants a room, but has lost her purse and therefore has no money; while her mother, who was to have met her there, has failed to turn up. The hotel clerk has probably heard this pathetic story so many times before that he is barely civil to the young lady, whom we know to be pure and innocent, and free from guile, otherwise she could not have been the romantic heroine. In her distress she appeals to the large-hearted telephone girl, who tells her that the Bridal Suite looks like being unoccupied all night, and if she takes care to be up and out early in the morning the suite is at her disposal for the time being.

S

The plot thus takes the turn most likely to be popular in these times. Kitty, giving her name to the night clerk as Mrs. Dennison, is promptly escorted to the Bridal Suite; while Richard Dennison, arriving a little later with his decorative inebriety, is informed that his wife has gone to the Bridal Suite after all. The complication, though it keeps the minds of the younger ladies agreeably on tenterhooks for some time, is, of course, disposed of safely. Except that the ending may be considered to be drawn out unnecessarily, the entertainment seems to me to be a most happily arranged function, and, as far as I can see, it has all the necessary elements of a popular success. JINGLE.

DO NOT MENTION IT AT MÜRREN

By Reginald Arkell

THOUGH you revel at St. Moritz
(With the accent on the Ritz !) ;
Though you Charleston, Charleston, Charleston,
To the latest London " hits " ;
Though you break the latest record
On the famous Cresta Run—
Do not mention it at Mürren,
For it simply isn't done !

Though you join those Scottish curlers
At Davos or Kandersteg ;
Though your stane slides home so softly
That it wouldn't crack an egg
(And it takes a bit of doing
With a stone that weighs a ton !) ;
Do not mention it at Mürren,
For it simply isn't done !

Though you walk about in woollies
That are knit in every hue ;
Though your coat has many colours
Such as Joseph's never knew ;
Though you're like a human rainbow
When you're sitting in the sun—
Do not mention it at Mürren,
For it simply isn't done !

Though you skate at sunny Klosters ;
Though you bob at Grindelwald,
Down the valley of the Glaxo,
Or whatever it is called !
Though you tail upon a tea-tray
To the nearest village run—
Do not mention it at Mürren,
For it simply isn't done !

ENVOI

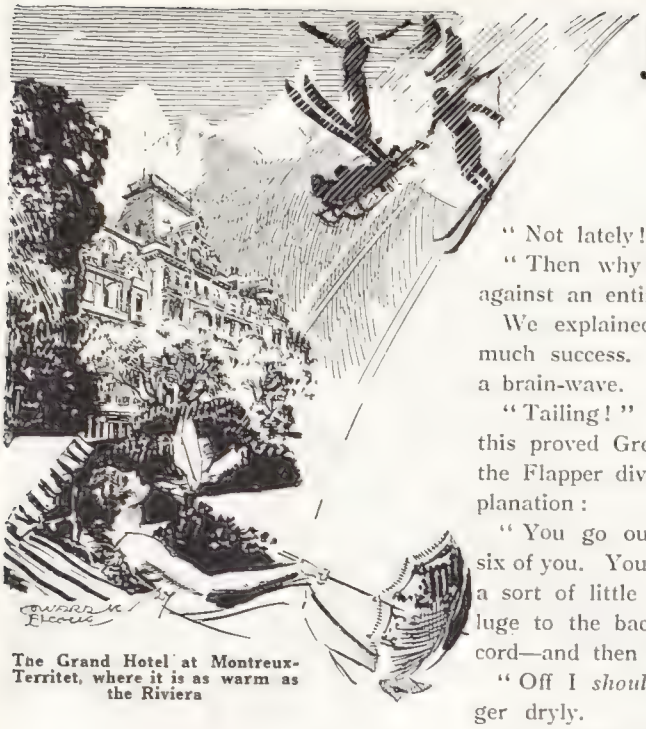
When the last Lone Pine has fallen,
And the Alps are worn away ;
When no M.O.B. is running
From Gstaad to Château d'Oex ;
When the final trump is sounding :
" Come along, now ! Time, gents, please ! "
If St. Peter comes to Mürren,
He had better come on skis !

Drawing by OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"Ups-a-Daisy!"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A sensible provision now made on some of the nursery slopes, whereby the plump skier may, with the minimum of effort, regain his or her feet after a fall



The Grand Hotel at Montreux-Territet, where it is as warm as the Riviera

JUMPING-OFF GROUNDS

HOW WE GOT THE DOWAGER TO SWITZERLAND AFTER ALL

By B. O. B.

Illustrations by H. K. ELCOCK

"QUITE frankly," said the Dowager, "the idea does not appeal to me."

"Not appeal to you!" we echoed in consternation.

"In fact," continued the Dowager, "I dislike it intensely. The more I think of it the more I dislike it. Is anyone coming in the car . . . ?"

Here was a blow! We had decided to go winter sporting in Switzerland, and here was the Dowager jibbing at the first fence, as you might say. If we had got her nose up against Burberry's window or her trunks as far as Victoria there might have been a chance, but to have our hopes dashed at the very outset was bitter indeed. However, we didn't give in. The Dowager had been known to recant before.

Lady Di tackled her on her sense of humour. "'Tis better to have luged and lost——" she quoted from some dead-and-gone humorist.

"Possibly!" said the Duchess, who is a rare one for cutting in, whether at Wimbledon Golf Club or merely in an argument. "But it depends where the luge lost me. I have no wish to spend and end my days like Excelsior. Christmas at Kandersteg may be all very well, but Boxing Night on the Blumlisalp does not appeal to me. Besides, I'm too old to slalom down the Cresta. I haven't been on skates for years."

"There are lots of things you could do," urged Di.

"Not without prejudicing my natural dignity," said the Dowager.

"There is always a village run," we suggested.

"Have you seen me run?" asked the Dowager.

"Not lately!" we admitted.

"Then why should I start to run against an entire village?"

We explained the situation without much success. Then the Flapper had a brain-wave.

"Tailing!" cried the Flapper, but this proved Greek to the Dowager, so the Flapper dived into a breathless explanation:

"You go out with a sleigh—about six of you. You each take a luge—that's a sort of little toboggan—you tie your luge to the back of the sleigh with a cord—and then off you go."

"Off I *should* go," said the Dowager dryly.

"It's great fun and quite safe," said the Flapper.

"My nephew tells me the same thing about dropping from an aeroplane in a parachute," remarked the Dowager. "Great fun and quite safe—if the parachute opens! Tailing may be excellent entertainment for monkeys. Personally, I have no wish to swing at the end of a rope. I have more comfortable ideas on the subject of Death."

"Lots of people," I urged, "go to Switzerland without taking part in the more strenuous sports. The sleighs are frightfully comfortable. The horses wear bells and nodding plumes, and there is no danger of a puncture. The scenery is magnificent; the air has a tonic quality, and the sunshine——" I couldn't find words to describe the sunshine.

"That sounds more inviting," admitted the Dowager. Evidently my sunshine had thawed her a little.

"'Interlaken's a wonderful jumping-off ground'"

"Think of the dancing!" said Lady Di. "You adore dancing!"

"Do they dance?" asked the Dowager. She was weakening.

"They dance all night!" I told her. "The air is so wonderful that no one ever wants to go to bed."

"If I could find some nice sunny spot where I should not be prodded by earnest young men with their unpleasant skis ——," mused the Dowager. "Somewhere on the outside edge of all this organised brutality, where I could read a book in peace and yet meet some of you in the evening."

"Montreux!" said Lady Di.

"Interlaken!" said the Flapper.

"Don't both speak at once," commanded the Dowager "Now, Di! What was that about Montreux?"

"We could all stay at Montreux or Territet," explained Lady Di. "They've got simply marvellous hotels. You could sit by the lake—it's as warm as the Riviera—and we could go up each morning to Glion or Caux or the Rochers de Naye or Les Avants. Then we could all meet together in the evening. That would suit all of us."

"What did you say about Interlaken?" the Dowager demanded of the Flapper.

"Same sort of thing," said Lady Di. "Only, in that case, you could take motor drives to the old château at Thun and you would have two lakes instead of one."

"I'm not greedy," smiled the Dowager. "One lake would be quite sufficient. What should you be doing all day?"

"We could go up into the mountains just the same as from Montreux," explained the Flapper. "Interlaken's a wonderful jumping-off ground for winter sports. You can get to Grindelwald, or Mürren, or Wengen, or Adelboden, or Kandersteg. There's a simply topping little hotel just outside the East station."

"It all sounds peculiarly inviting," admitted the Dowager. "Is anyone coming in the car?"

Our faces fell. That was so like the Dowager—to turn away from the hook just when we thought we had landed her.

"Which way are you going?" asked the Flapper disconsolately.

"To Burberry's, of course," replied the Dowager. "I can't go to Switzerland without clothes, can I?"

And that was that!

A Winter Sports Novelty

Specially painted at Kandersteg by WEBSTER MURRAY

The brilliant scene during a firework display on the rink of the Grand Hotel Victoria at Kandersteg. The spirit of Carnival reaches its height as the gaily attired skaters skim over the ice in the crisp night air under a star-spangled sky. The ever-changing colours of the fireworks gain added effect as they flare and scintillate against the moon-lit snow slopes of the Blumlisalp in the background

BY LEO CHENEY

OVERHEARD AT GRINDELWALD

NIECE (*as Uncle puts on his sun-glasses*): "Is the snow trying your eyes, Uncle?"
UNCLE: "It's not the snow, my dear, it's the jumpers!"

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Sun and Snow at Chamonix

"HE STOOPS TO CONQUER!"

Skis are apt to need attention even at the best of times, and then is the time that She Who Must be Obeyed bestows signs of her favour. The photograph was taken near the Col de Voza, above Chamonix

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE

English and French girls waltzing together on the new rink at Chamonix. At this French centre the nations join wholeheartedly in the pursuit of sport on the snow and ice

Exclusive photographs by Horace W. Nicholls

ARMS AND THE MAN

Perhaps the nearest approach to the poetry of motion is to glide, suitably partnered, over perfect, sunlit ice to the discreet music of a band at the rink side. These skaters seem to have come very near to this ideal on the rink at Chamonix

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C.F.H.

Chamonix—Mont Blanc

By R. A. *Illustrations by WEBSTER MURRAY*

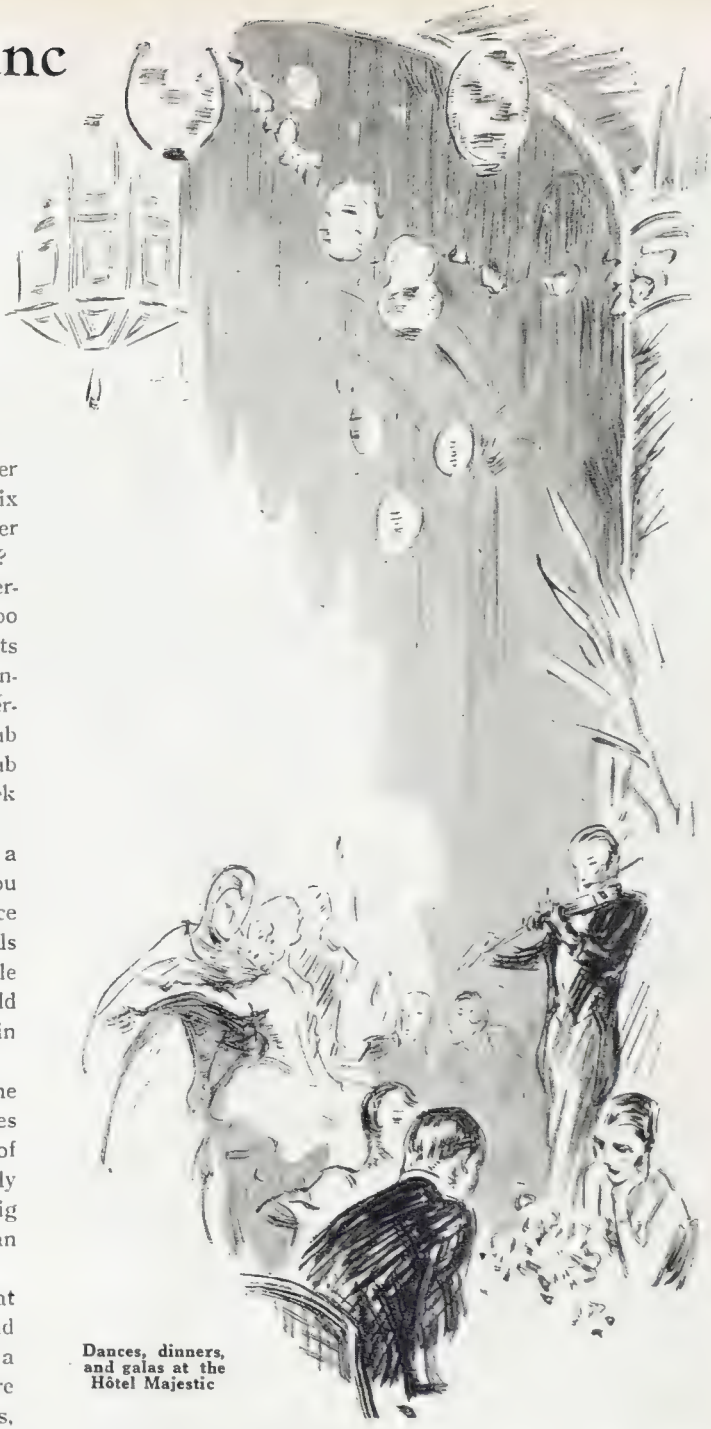
NOTHING annoys the patriotic Frenchman so much as the average Briton's topographical shortcomings on the subject of Winter Sports. In a recent popular play one character said to another: "What ass expects Winter Sports on the Riviera?"—forgetting, apparently, that the snows of Piera Cava are visible from Nice, and may be reached in a couple of hours at most.

This, however, is a detail compared to the average Briton's belief that snow only falls in Switzerland, and that the land of William Tell has a monopoly of the winter game. Some go further and will tell you that Chamonix and Mont Blanc are located in Switzerland. Can you wonder that the patriotic Frenchman considers us an insular race?

For the sake of the *Entente Cordiale* and a better understanding between the two races, it cannot be made too clear that Chamonix is one of the most popular winter resorts in the world, just as Mont Blanc is the "monarch of mountains." It is exactly twenty years since the first International Ski Competition was held by the French Alpine Club at Chamonix; while in the following season the Touring Club of France organised, in the same centre, the first great week of Winter Sports.

If Rip Van Winkle awoke from a long sleep and paid a return visit to Chamonix he would rub his eyes, you may depend. The simple village has gone, and in its place are streets of excellent shops, with fine hotels in fine grounds equal to any demands that may be made upon them; while at the handsome Hôtel Majestic during the season he would find dances, dinners, and galas as fine as any promoted in the great capitals of the world.

It is a great tribute to the P.L.M. Railway and to the accessibility of Chamonix that the Winter Olympic Games were held here in 1924. You cannot handle large armies of athletes and spectators unless your organisation is as nearly perfect as possible. The journey from Paris and other big French centres is speedy and comfortable, while Italy can be reached with the minimum of effort.



Dances, dinners, and galas at the Hôtel Majestic

For the rest, it is sufficient to say that the rink covers an area of nine acres, and has over five acres of ice. It comprises a double racecourse; plots reserved for figure skating and hockey; four curling rinks, and other spaces for the unimpeded practice of all sorts of ice exercises. Also, there are three main luge tracks, and there is, of course, the great Mont Blanc bob-track on the mountain side, with a run of 2,600 metres.

"We conclude," says a modest historian, "that Chamonix is no mean place as a centre for winter sports. It is the rendezvous of all nations, and, as it were, the Mecca of every devotee of snow and ice." Mention may finally be made of various satellites of Chamonix, including the Revard plateau—a skiers' paradise; Combloux—a new winter resort fronting Mont Blanc; Mégève—an excellent centre for long ski-runs; and St. Pierre de Chartreuse, lying in the heart of the Chartreuse Hills and quite close to the famous Monastery.

"The Mecca of every devotee of snow and ice"

Football in England and Ireland

OUT IN THE RAIN AT TWICKENHAM

The combined London and Waratah XVs who joined battle at Twickenham recently. The torrential rain could do nothing to damp the keenness of the players, a remarkably hard-fought game ending in a pointless draw

Photographs

BEFORE THE MATCH

The Duke of Abercorn, the Governor of Northern Ireland, greeting the English XI before their match against Ireland at Windsor Park, Belfast. Ireland won by 2 goals to nil

Sport and General

BACKS IN ACTION

The Irish backs effecting a clearance in the match against England at Belfast. The visitors experienced bad luck, their goalkeeper breaking an arm during the match, while Hill, the English captain, was also badly crocked

"All the Winners" at Cambridge

Sport and General

J. WALLACE (ST. CATHARINE'S) WINNING THE PUTTING THE WEIGHT

I.B.

G. WILKINSON (TRINITY HALL) WINNING THE LONG JUMP

Sport and General

M. H. C. GUTTERIDGE (TRINITY HALL) WINNING THE HALF MILE

G.P.U.

F. W. B. KITTEL (ST. CATHARINE'S) WINNING THE HIGH JUMP

Sport and General

N. R. BUGGE (PEMBROKE) WINNING THE MILE

G.P.U.

L. G. SMITH (ST. CATHARINE'S), NEAREST CAMERA, WINNING THE 120 YARDS HURDLES

Some of those who won their events in the recent Inter-College Athletic Sports at Cambridge. This inter-college meeting constituted the first of the trials to pick the team that will later on meet Oxford

A MODERN STRUWWELPETER

SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR ALPINE CONSUMPTION

by REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrations by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

MY Aunt Jemima, in my youth
(Knowing I never spoke the truth),
Arranged one day for me to meet her ;
Gave me a book called " Struwwelpeter,"
And hoped I should be weaned from sin
By moral tales contained therein.
I read the book—as you have done—
And, as I found it rather fun
(Though you may learn to your surprise
I still persist in telling lies),
I thought it would be rather jolly
To wean you all from sin and folly
By resurrecting, in this way,
Those moral tales of yesterday.

* * *

The seeds of Virtue that we sow
Will all bear fruit at last ; although
They take an awful time to grow !

PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL

Upon the rink at Kandersteg
CLORINDA showed a shapely leg.
A leg so fine ; a leg so rare,
That all the people living there
Just sat around the rink and cheered
Each afternoon that she appeared.
Such homage, as you may opine,
Flew to CLORINDA'S leg like wine
Until, at last, her nether shank
Was so puffed up with pride and swank
That—do not think these details shocking !—
It very nearly split her stocking.

* * *

CLORINDA, I forgot to state,
Had only lately learned to skate ;
The reason being, I infer,
That men could sit and smile at her ;
Whereas upon the mountain side
She somehow felt undignified.

* * *

CLORINDA skated on and on
Until the light had nearly gone.
The cynosure of every eye,
She darted, as the swallows fly,
Across the rink at Kandersteg
Upon that devastating leg.
Until, what tragedy to tell :
Upon the ice CLORINDA fell,
And there, in front of all the lot,
She sat upon her—you know what !

(Continued on page 242)

Protect your feet and you protect your health!

Wear

RUBBER

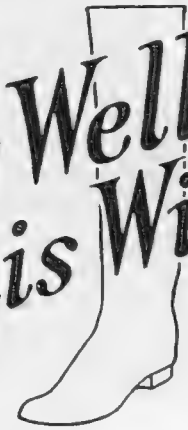
Wellingtons

Better than Leather in rainy weather

THE danger of wet feet cannot be exaggerated. It invariably leads to colds and chills which in their turn are often the cause of serious illness. Wear rubber Wellingtons this Winter and don't run any risks! Wellingtons keep the feet and legs warm and dry and prevent mud-splashing of your stockings. Your boot shop has a complete range of Wellingtons in up-to-date designs. Ask also to see the range of rubber overshoes for protecting your feet in wet weather.

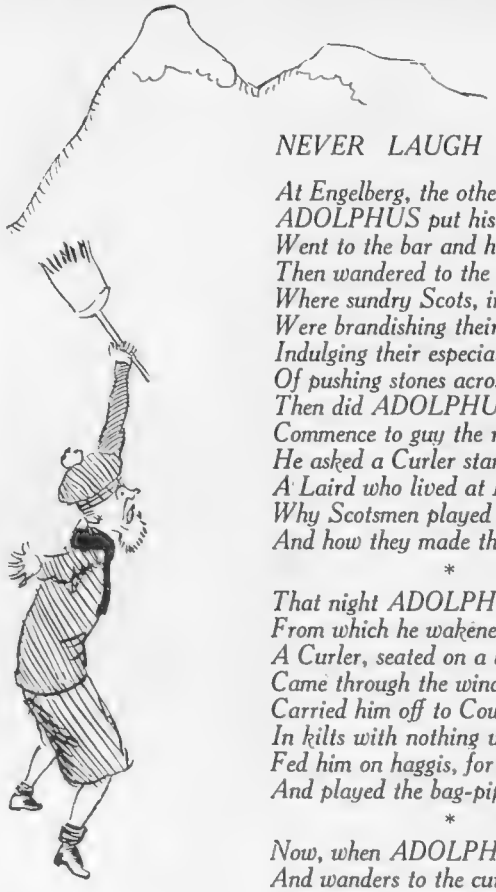
You can buy a good pair of Wellingtons inexpensively wherever boots are sold. Get rubber Wellingtons for yourself and all the family.

Wear Wellingtons this Winter



Go through this winter dry shod in rubber Wellingtons.

C.F.H. 7



NEVER LAUGH AT A SCOTSMAN

At Engelberg, the other day,
ADOLPHUS put his luge away ;
Went to the bar and had a drink,
Then wandered to the curling rink,
Where sundry Scots, in paroxysms,
Were brandishing their brooms, or besoms :
Indulging their especial vice
Of pushing stones across the ice.
Then did ADOLPHUS, to his shame,
Commence to guy the roarin' game.
He asked a Curler standing near—
A Laird who lived at Brig o' Weir—
Why Scotsmen played with silly toys,
And how they made that funny noise?

* * *

That night ADOLPHUS dreamed a dream,
From which he wakened with a scream :
A Curler, seated on a broom,
Came through the window of his room,
Carried him off to Cowdenbeath ;
In kilts with nothing underneath ;
Fed him on haggis, for his crime,
And played the bag-pipes all the time.

* * *

Now, when ADOLPHUS has a drink
And wanders to the curling rink,
He stands aloof, with lifted hat—
And that, *as you might say, is* that !

RECORDS ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN

I always failed to understand
Why HENRY went to Switzerland.
His mind was never on the job ;
He didn't luge, he didn't bob ;
He didn't even think it fun
To venture down the village run ;
And if he joined a tailing party
Directly it was time to start, he
Decided that he wouldn't go
For fear he tumbled in the snow.

* * *

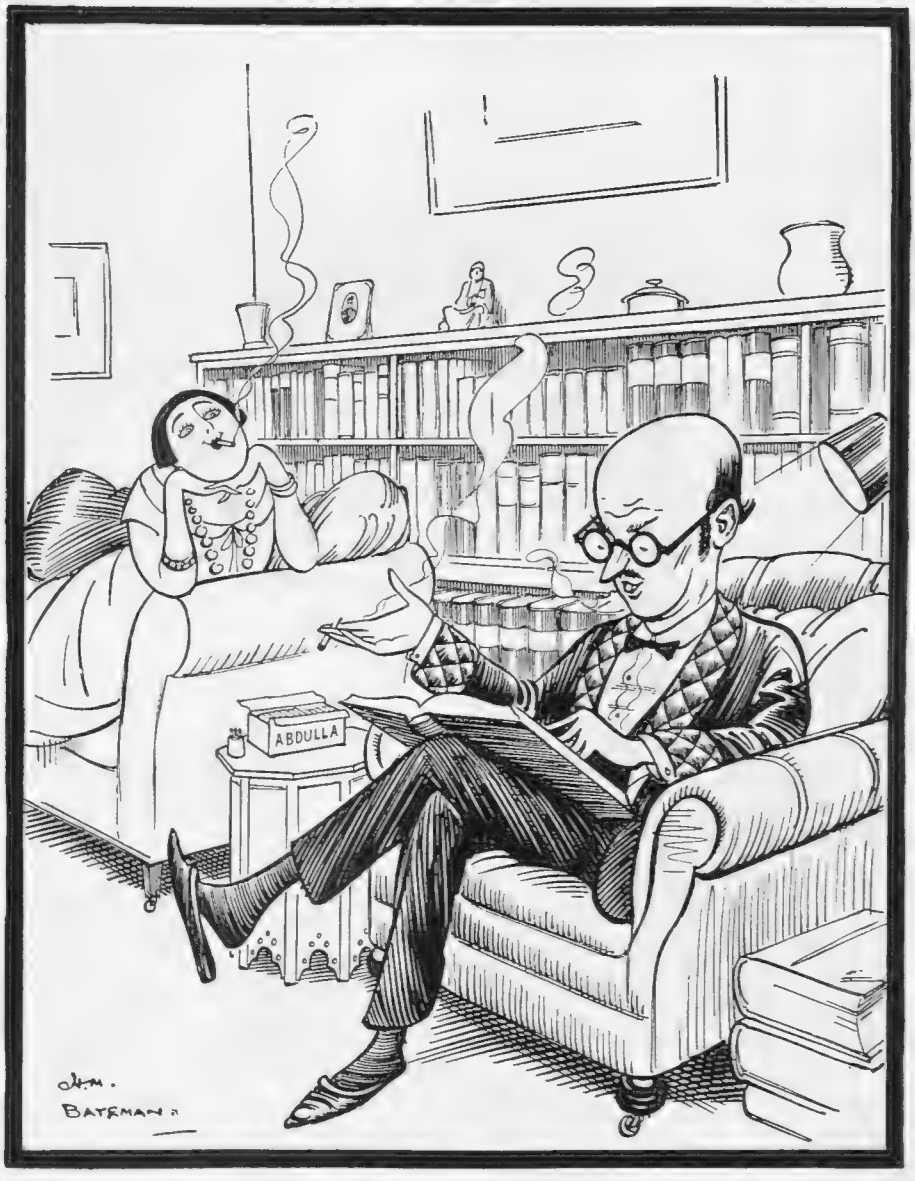
Now HENRY found a path one day
From which the snow was swept away :
A path that wandered down, until
It disappeared behind a hill.
" How nice ! " said HENRY, with a smile,
" I'll sit me down and rest awhile ! "
No sooner said than it was done.
Promptly, at twenty-five to one
He sat upon the Cresta Run !

* * *

And so he passed upon his way !
Next morning, at the break of day,
A traveller by the faithful hound
In Celerina's snows was found :
Still wearing on his chest of ice
A jumper with a strange device—
Proving that HENRY was the one
Who broke all records for the Run !

HUSBANDS

Gilt-Edged and Otherwise



THE BRAINY HUSBAND

Mortimer is nourishing a mammoth of a brain,
Light and soppy Literature can make him wince with pain,
Vast pedantic treatises as flavourless as bran
Are the fitting mental food for every Thinking Man.

Cynthia calmly contemplates his bleak balloon-like skull,
"Dear old Morty," run her thoughts, "so earnest and so dull!
With each tome he reads aloud he grows a trifle duller,
Still—he has *one* bright idea—he 'uplifts' on ABDULLA!"

—F. R. HOLMES

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH EGYPTIAN VIRGINIA

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

POINTLESS, BUT PERFECT

By PENDARVES

LIEUT. R. C. HARRY, R.N.

Who played for London in their match against the Waratahs. He was in the Navy XV last year

NEW SOUTH WALES, 0; London, 0. A ceaseless downpour of rain: but eighty minutes of glorious life. It was not an exhibition of perfect Rugger—it could not be: but it was a perfect exhibition of how players of the game can rise above difficulties and knock-out blows and the maddening tactics of the other feller and go on—on to the staggering end.

I suppose there were 20,000 of us at Twickenham: many of us were soaked to the shirt before the game started: but not one of us that would not have liked to see another fifteen minutes' play, if they did such things in our game; and if the players could have endured it—they could not. To me the eighty minutes seemed like eighteen. To "Horsey" Browne, the great Irish forward, judging by his "all in" appearance when the last whistle blew, they probably seemed like eight hundred.

As on all such foul weather days the battle was with the forwards. But the pace at which they played it, and the sustained skill of it, and the relentless hardness at which all sixteen forwards went at each other from swift beginning to bitter, back-chatting end were revelations even to those of us who have seen all the big Rugger fights for the last ten years and more.

Conditions seemed to me as near as damit equal for both sides. The Waratahs have seldom, if ever, had to play under worse weather conditions: they are not accustomed to a "soapy" ball: they were handicapped heavily in that respect. But they are a highly trained, cohesive side, knowing each other's tricks and movements, so to speak, by heart. London does not mind mud and rain; it is used to it. But London being a composite side hardly anyone knew the other chap's game at all; and these two facts might be said to equalise matters. On balance perhaps London deserved to win: they were distinctly the better side in the second half. There were moments when the Waratahs were rattled, and rattled badly. There were long-drawn-out crises towards the end, when the faces of most of them, seen from the close-up of the ring seats, betrayed acute anxiety. One can only be glad the match was a pointless draw because there was not a pin to choose between the valour and the stamina and the skill of all thirty mauled and spent players at the end of that gargantuan game.

They are a fine set of sportsmen who can rise with all the best traditions of their race—which is our race—to the surmounting of the adverse occasion; and their full-throated war-cry of tribute to the adversary as they left the ground, in the knowledge that their tide of victories had been stemmed, showed them for what they are—white men. Of course, there were some minor "incidents": there always are during a hard and very important Rugger match—thank goodness! The casualties were heavier on our side than on theirs (we were a lighter pack, and everyone went full out, with the usual result!); but I am sure that neither "Wakers," who got some terrible whacks in the face; nor Spong, who was "concussed" twice; nor Browne, who was laid out properly once; nor Taylor, who was hung on to by Bowers for an appreciable time *after* he had parted with the ball, and wanted to follow up an attacking movement; nor Arthur Young, who had a few earnest words with one of their heftiest forwards; nor any of our side has anything but the cheeriest outlook towards a visiting team who provided them with such a marvellous house-match maul.

SKETCHES BY "MAC"

J. M. S. WALLENS

Who played full-back for England in the match against France last year, and added greatly to his reputation in the Argentine. He is K. A. Sellar's closest rival for the full-back position in the English XV in this year's internationals

Several matters of great significance emerge from this game. The outstanding one is that of R. S. Spong, the stand-off half. Be it noted that he, a comparatively unknown man (except for the Argentine tour), had to mark their star turn, Tom Lawton, who was at his best. He played extraordinarily well in spite of being twice knocked silly. Habitually he prefers his old school team (Millhillians) to class club football. This is a laudable attitude, but it should be allowed no longer. He should partner Arthur Young in the Blackheath Club games *every Saturday*. If he does, England has this year a pair of halves who will cause grave anxiety to the other four countries.

The other matter concerns the London forwards. Eliminating the Irish and Scottish elements, we have here the nucleus of a formidable England pack. Magnificent was the display of Wakefield. It is really astounding how this old war-horse is able to go on charging. All the terrific pace was there, the brains, the beef, the leadership. There could have been no more gruelling test of wind and general endurance than he had to undergo; moreover, he was, as usual, heavily and incessantly marked; and, apparently, remained to the very end one of our freshest and fiercest fighters.

Pointless though the match was from the mere standpoint of score, to me it was a perfect spectacle, because it portrayed from beginning to end unceasingly the spirit of the Rugby game in its most virile and steadfast form.

Portrait of a gentleman learning that Worthington is "just sold out"

(a moment later he broke down completely)

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"

Starting Troubles

Among racing officials neither the judge nor the starter has a particularly enviable job. You need to be a model of patience if you would become a successful starter, and even then you will find some of your best efforts upset by the swerving of one or two horses just as the tapes are going up. Last week the stewards of the Jockey Club were testing new contrivances for starting, but no machine has yet been invented which ensures a field of horses jumping off in true line every time. "What a shocking start," you often hear people exclaim as they see horses get away in ragged order, and they are invariably disposed to blame the poor starter. If racegoers occasionally went down to the start of short-distance races they would realise more clearly the great difficulties with which Capt. Allison and others have to contend.

The Judge

As for the judge, he frequently comes in for criticism of a perfectly ridiculous character. Last week, for example, people were going about after the Cambridgeshire declaring that Mr. Robertson had given a wrong verdict in the big race. "I am perfectly convinced that Insight II won, that Orbindos was second, and that Medal and Niantic finished behind them." That was the sort of thing you heard for the rest of the afternoon in ring and paddock. It was not until later in the day, when I met several people who had watched the finish close to the judge's box on the far side of the course, that I heard the opinion expressed that Insight II had been beaten. The truth is that nobody can tell precisely what has happened in a tight finish unless he is in the judge's box. The slightest angle will give one a wrong impression of what has actually happened. A few days before the Cambridgeshire there was a race on the straight course at Sandown Park which the crowd thought had been comfortably won by Gracella. People were staggered when Elcot's number was put into the frame, but the judge was perfectly right, as is borne out by those who stood close to his box.

Down Goes the Favourite

Once again a red-hot favourite in a big race has finished "down the course." Rarely has such a heavily backed horse as Weissdorn given a more execrable exhibition as we watched him finish at the tail end of the field in the Cambridgeshire. It was difficult to believe that this was the same horse as had won the Select Stakes a fortnight previously. "Brownie" Carslake wasted hard to get down to 8 st. 4 lb., and it must have been specially galling to him to find the horse fade away beneath him before half the journey had been covered. Nobody could offer any feasible explanation of Weissdorn's wretched ineptitude, and I suppose it will remain one of the mysteries of racing. Silver Lark was prominent for a long way, but I think he would have preferred a longer journey. Inca, on the other hand, failed to stay the final furlong, while Fohanaun ruined his chance by swerving badly at the start. It was a regular rout of the best-fancied competitors.

Lucky Winners

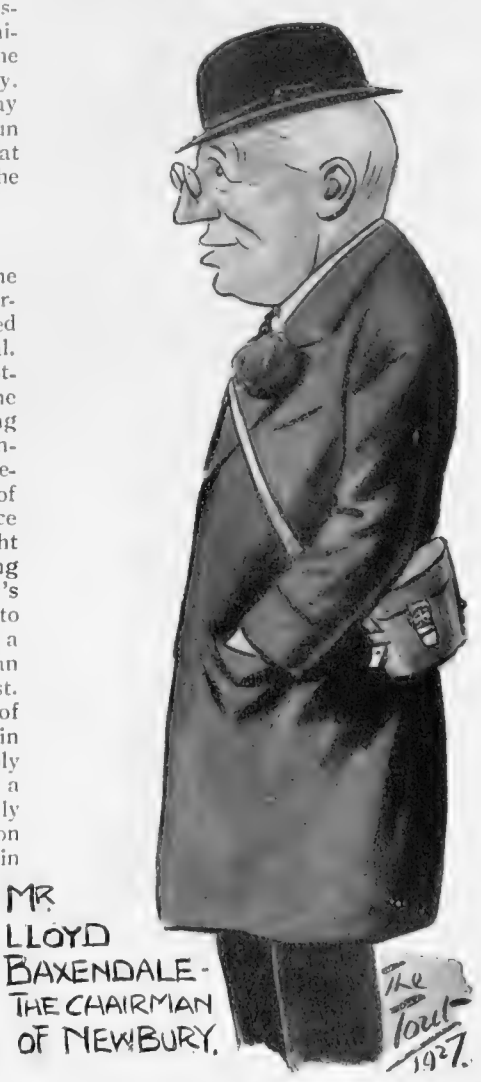
Mrs. Carthew, who has not had the best of luck in her racing enterprises this season, is to be congratulated on having divided the stakes with Medal. Those associated with Stanley Wootton's stable are not afraid to put the money down when they run something they really fancy, and I expect they enjoyed a most remunerative Cambridgeshire. Mr. J. Sharp, the owner of Niantic, must also have landed a nice stake, as the four-year-old was thought to be well handicapped. The exciting finish served to bring Major Beatty's apprentice, Stephenson, strongly into the limelight. The Durham lad is a very capable young rider, and as he can go to scale at something less than 6 st. he ought to be assured of plenty of riding. Among the unplaced horses in the big race Caustic ran remarkably well, and ought soon to be winning a good stake; while the French filly Esclarmonde improved a great deal on the form she had previously displayed in this country.

The Two-year-Olds

It was not Mr. Macomber's day out on the Cambridgeshire afternoon. After Insight II had failed in the chief event his colt, The Hermit II, on whom such high hopes had been built, was beaten in the Moulton Stakes. This was a startling result, seeing that odds of 5 to 1 were betted on the hitherto unbeaten colt. As a rule only the big punters lose when these presumed certainties are beaten. The small backer does not care about laying odds, and generally tries to find one to beat the favourite. Falko's success was not witnessed by his owner, who is doing well with his two-year-olds this season. On the preceding day the Aga Khan's colours had been borne to victory by Farhad, an elegant colt who is quite likely to be a candidate for classic honours next season. There is a doubt as to whether he or Boland is the best of the youngsters at Whatcombe.

Some Selections

This week's racing is at Windsor and Newbury. I think a good chance is possessed by **Alchemist** of winning the Frogmore Nursery on Wednesday. This colt, who is in Major Fred Sneyd's flourishing little stable, ran really well at Newmarket last week, and strikes me as being favourably handicapped at 6 st. 11 lb. On the following day **Grassmoor** may win the Combermere Handicap. At Newbury on Saturday **Sir Joshua** looks a good thing for the Autumn Handicap in spite of his extra weight.



SELF-IMPROVEMENT a woman's first duty

BY

MISS MARY GLYNNE

But how can a woman improve her appearance? She has the figure and the features given her by Providence——can she alter them?

"There is one way in which every woman can very easily make herself more attractive," replied Miss Glynne, "by improving her complexion. Let her go through a regular course with Pond's Two Creams and then see if she does not find that she is getting more attention, more admiration. Personally, I think regularity of features has very little to do with personal charm. I have known women with perfect features to be as unresponsive as a lamp-post. Others, by play of expression, and, above all, by a clear, exquisite skin, have captured all hearts by their charm."

Mabel Robey

"The Terror"

Miss Glynne is, with her husband, Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, thrilling hundreds every day in "The Terror," at the Lyceum. The play promises to have a long run, and we ought to be grateful to Mr. Edgar Wallace if only for giving us the opportunity of enjoying the personality of so delightful and talented an actress as Miss Glynne.

So easy and simple a method

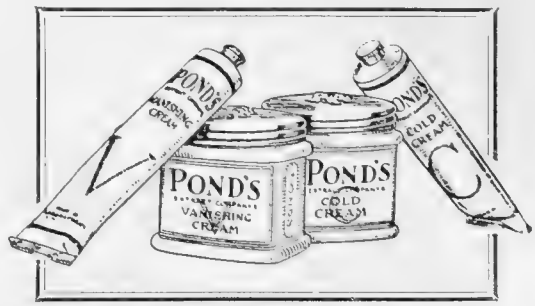
"I have no patience with dull, uninteresting complexions," continued Miss Glynne, "while women have so easy and simple a method of using Pond's Two Creams. Of course, I know there are times when a woman is out of health and her skin is naturally affected. But this is not the case with scores of women who are allowing their personalities to be spoiled by a bad complexion just for lack of a regular, thorough, deep cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It ought to be as regular and natural as cleansing your teeth. And for the hands, too.

"How hands make or mar a woman! And Pond's Vanishing Cream will prevent them getting rough and red or coarse in texture.

"I am afraid I have scrambled over the subject rather," concluded Miss Glynne, "but the upshot of what I want to say is—keep the pores and tissues of your skin clean by using Pond's Cold Cream.

Mary Glynne

"And don't plunge into the modern orgy of open-air sports without doing something to protect your greatest possession—a delicate skin. Your complexion can't stand it—unless you protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. These two preparations are the purest and the most beneficial I know of."



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS, USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

Wise care of a skin

Pond's two creams are indispensable to lasting skin loveliness—the cleansing that restores each day your skin's youthful suppleness and the refreshing and protecting that gives and keeps the beauty of a fresh, smooth skin.

Every day cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Always at night, and on returning from the open air, pat it over your skin. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to sink down into the pores and bring to the surface the dust and dirt which cling to them. Wipe off cream and dirt together and (except at night) smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will give your skin a damask smoothness, and over it your powder goes on evenly and stays on longer.

Pond's Cold Cream. Always at night. Always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. It acts as a protection, guarding your skin against drying and coarsening from wind, dust, and rain.

Special Sample Offer

Fill up this coupon and post it, together with 2d. in stamps. We will send you by return of post sample tubes of Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream, sufficient to prove their beneficial effect. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream in handsome opal jars. Price 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and in tubes, price 7½d. (for handbag) and 1s.; Pond's Cold Cream also in extra large jars, 5s.; and in extra large tubes 2s. 6d.

COUPON

Generous Trial Samples

To Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 451), 103, St. John St., London, E.C.1.

I enclose twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your TRIAL TUBES of *POND'S COLD CREAM AND POND'S VANISHING CREAM.*

Name .....

Address .....

.....

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"The advertisement of the cunning barber"

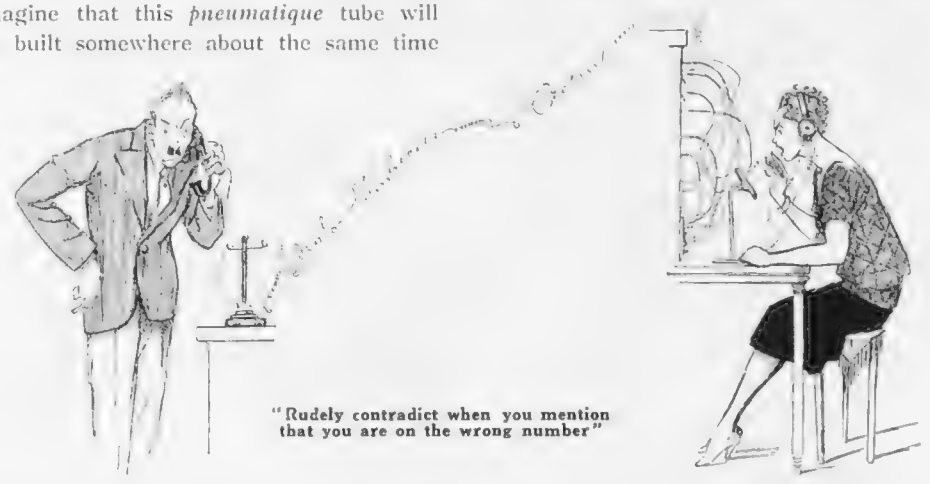
Mes Amis,

There is one unfailing charm about residing in Paris. Somebody is always promising something for the future; something to make life worth living for even more than it is at the moment, and that is quite sweet enough—apart from icily regular, unsplendidly full communications from the *Receveur-Percepteur*. If only one could live long enough to see all these promises realised, what a city of unalloyed delight it would be—no worries of any sort, everything working to perfection at the touch of a button.

But almost all the promises are for ten years hence—at a minimum—and this ever reminds Parisians of the classical booby-trap advertisement of the cunning barber—"*Demain, on rasera gratis,*" to-morrow being the day that never arrives. In ten years M. Bokanowski, the handsome young Postmaster-General, promises us telephone operators that will not rudely contradict when you mention that you are on the wrong number—because they will be automatic. But I was thinking less of this telephone vision than of the promise to construct a *pneumatique* tube to shoot letters to the Le Bourget aerodrome and of the other promise to build a straight road to St. Germain, which will cut the distance by about half.

That straight and broad track to St. Germain has been promised now for something like forty years, and work upon it is just as far advanced to-day as it was then. The St. Germain road is the main road out of the city to the north-west, leading to such important places as Deauville, Rouen and Dieppe, and at present it is one of those reeling, rolling roads, following the bends of the Seine, which might delight Mr. G. K. Chesterton, but causes an awful *embouteillage* on Sunday evenings, when all the *proletaires* return from their motoring excursions.

The proposed *pneumatique* tube is designed to do away with the anomaly that it takes an aeroplane-letter as long to get from Le Bourget to Paris as it does to get from London to Le Bourget. As an idea for an improvement it is, of course, beyond question, but how long it will take to realise is material for a very big question mark. It would take millions of francs to construct, and all the available—and even some that are not supposed to be available—millions are earmarked for many years to come. I imagine that this *pneumatique* tube will be built somewhere about the same time as the aerial railway that is to be a short cut across Paris, and also simultaneously with that now venerable project, the Channel Tunnel. And yet, perhaps, somebody will take the substance out of our dreams of the future by actually bringing these schemes to fruition. As the pertinent cartoonist, Briggs, reiterates, "Somebody is always taking the joy out of life."



"Rudely contradict when you mention that you are on the wrong number"

"Hefty sportswomen with arms like those of the village blacksmith"

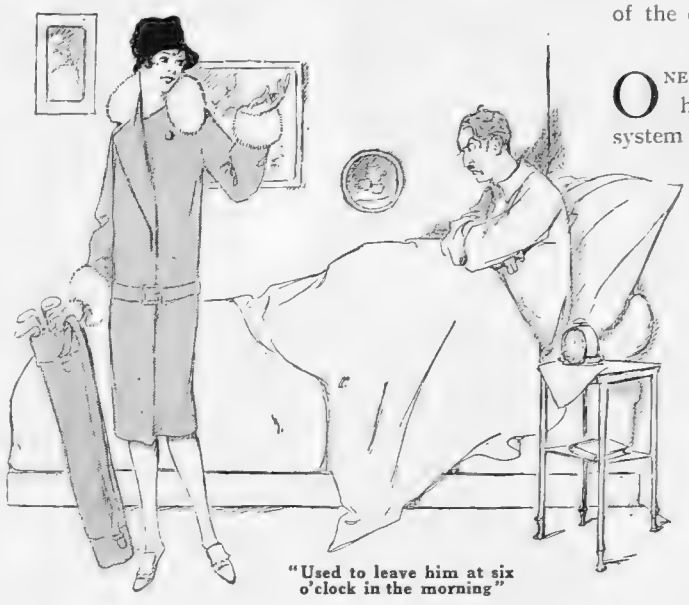
It is rarely that we get ahead of you in England in matters of sport, but I am inclined to imagine that France has forged in advance for once. We have lately been able to register a "golf widower." "Golf widows" are, I am given to understand, legion in the British Isles, but I should doubt if you could produce a male of the unfortunate, bereft victims of the "alienation of affections" by the tantalising little white pill. In this gentleman's case, I am told, his young wife used to leave him at six o'clock in the morning and remain absent till six at night for the purpose of practising brassie shots and mashie chips. She was not one of those hefty sportswomen with arms like those of the village blacksmith, but very *chic* and *svelte*, so he stood it for a while, but eventually he obtained a divorce.

Now she is free to devote all her time to the links, and, doing so, I suppose she may be described as grass-wedded. It is now suggested that the golfers' anthem shall be, "For those in peril on the tee." This, included in the ceremony when either bride or bridegroom is a golfer, should serve good purpose as a warning for future conduct. It would be interesting to know, though, why golfers should need such a check more than fervents of other sports. You never hear of a wife leaving her husband because he has a passion for ping-pong or a frenzy for football. Why is it that golf has this unenviable reputation for starting a rift in a happy home? If there is any husband

who needs a consoling embrace after a harrowing day it is surely the poor golfer who has been socketing his mashies into bunkers or slicing his drives into trees.

I should think that it may be said at last that M. Georges de la Fouchardière has substantiated his claim for a place in the sun. For a number of years he appeared to be hesitant about the size of the shadow he should seek to cast, but now he has "spread himself" to his full height—that is, his present height, for he will probably grow a little in bulk as well as in puckishness. Georges, who wears a flopping tie and a beard like an artist of the spacious days, is one of those exceptional persons, a serious humorist. He writes humorously on very serious topics, not to poke fun at them, but generally with the object of securing an improvement.

Along with the pen of the dashing wit he has the burning passion of the reformer, and when the two are in action together he is apt to let himself go very furiously, with the consequence that the object of his attack is likely to writhe under the stings. And now he is developing as a crusader in personal action, trying to kill by ridicule a number of the absurdities that linger in an old-fashioned city like Paris. It is often the case that a city will permit some individual, once in a generation, to exercise liberties that would not be allowed to anyone else, and M. de la Fouchardière has now been recognised as the man who is permitted to turn the life of the capital upside down.



"Used to leave him at six o'clock in the morning"

One of the anachronisms he has set himself out to slay is the *octroi*, the system by which you are kept waiting for five minutes at the city gates in order to pay an insignificant tax on the petrol or the fresh eggs you may be bringing in from the country. At his first attempt he succeeded in creating a traffic jam at the principal gate for about an hour, and caused the marshalling of special contingents of police to untie the traffic knot, and he is expected to repeat this on various carefully chosen Sundays until the municipal council come to the conclusion that it would be cheaper to abandon the *octroi*. Motorists are all waiting for the signal, to be ready to back up Georges in his gallant campaign, prepared to get in line and "honk" for hours until the walls of Jericho and their *octroi* guardians fall down for ever.

René.

THE REAL THING

Amstutz

These photographs illustrate an exhibition of the proficiency which novices at ski-ing watch with envious eyes and may even, after strenuous years of the usual ups and downs, achieve themselves. The left-hand photograph shows Mr. Walter Amstutz beginning a jump, and the second this well-known skier in the middle of a jump turn off a cornice which, after a swift run downhill, has the effect of bringing the skier almost to a standstill

TIGERS AND COCKTAILS

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"All his life he'd been unsuspectedly producing prose"

LONDON, *October* 31.

DEAR COUSIN,

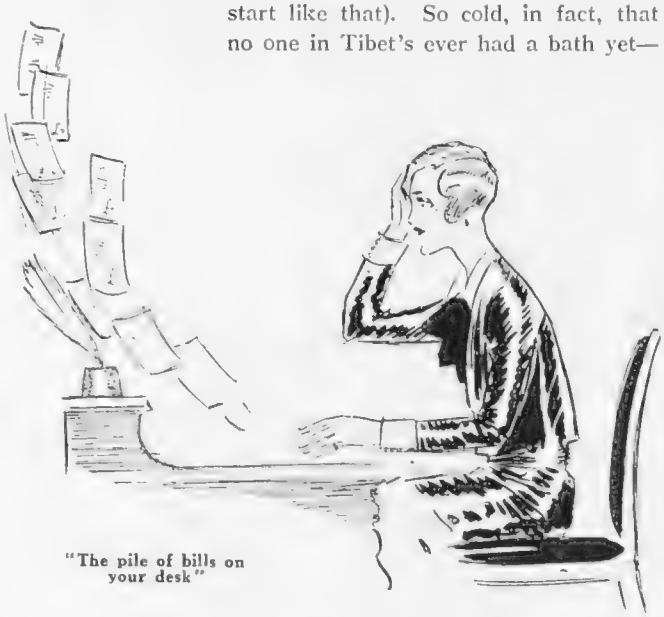
ISN'T life exciting? And who dares to say it's ever really and truly dull, or even begin to be, whatever happens or doesn't happen? Even if there's a deep depression advancing from over Iceland; and the pile of bills on your desk looks so threatening there doesn't seem a ghost of a chance of even one new hat till at least next week . . . Even if you think for one moment you're satiated with shows and bored paralytic with parties and fed up with food . . . and gloomy about golf, and dancing's dreary, and . . . well, can't say no fairer nor that, can I? But there's always a something else, is not there?—and if not on the spot, you can go and find it, not to say travel for it, in fact.

卐

YES, travel, dear Cousin, and I've travelled quite a lot since we last met, and all *sans* Messrs. Cook, Lunn and Co., or other adventitious aids either. To India, f'rinstance, just to begin with—rather a pleasing place, believe me, if just a little warm, with somewhat excessively agile insects and reptiles and other oddments that seem to be always trying to bite you in their spare time. Went there first with Colonel Gordon Casserly, such a nice man, with dark brown eyes (I'm sure he has), and a cavalry moustache, who knows all about the wild things there, like tigers and pumas and snakes, and makes you feel in his book, "In the Green Jungle," they're really quite sound efforts in their way and *ever* so much more honest and lovable and human than quite a lot of the humans one meets. Also, Mr. F. W. Champion, of the Indian Forest Service, introduced me to quite a lot more of 'em, especially the tigers and elephants, in *his* wonderful book that ought to have been called something much more spacious and poetic than—can you believe it?—"With a Camera in Tiger-land."

卐

BUT that's just like men, and especially Englishmen, isn't it? Never find out till long after, and when it's quite probably too late, that they've been writing, not to say living with, poetry, like the way the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* discovered how all his life he'd been unsuspectedly producing prose, what? Also, been to Tibet quite lately, your Blanchette has, with a perfectly *sweet* thing called Captain Noel . . . see picture in his most entrancing volume entitled oh-so-thrillingly, "Through Tibet to Everest" (I suppose the publishers invent these sort of Glacial Period names for books so that there shouldn't be too much of a feverish rush over the counter for copies and their clerks' lunch-hours be interfered with; or—well, there must be *some* reason.



"The pile of bills on your desk"

"Forty cocktails per diem . . . without turning a hair"

卐

MET a lot of quite interesting people on the way to Everest, I did. Simply amazingly happy Tibetans, for example, who laugh and sing all day, though they've got apparently the world's worst climate, with an icy wind blowing all the time over their vast tableland 15,000 feet above the sea (no wonder Everest's fairly lofty with a start like that). So cold, in fact, that no one in Tibet's ever had a bath yet—just spread with butter they are from head to foot so's to keep out the cold, and dressed in nice raw sheepskins straight from the sheep. Made roomy, too, their suits and frocks are, and as they grow up patches and bits are added till they've finished growing, and they're fitted (so to speak) with an all-life frock or suit. Fact! Or, anyway, so Capt. Noel says, and I'm sure he wouldn't deceive us. And what a lovely saving of clothes bills, too, not to mention bath-salts and things (said she, painfully mindful of that insistent pile of bills on the study desk).

卐

RATHER useful little tonic or cocktail this travelling business, is not it? even if vicariously indulged in, so to speak! And ideal preparation for a London Season, according to some, you know—a sea voyage round Scotland because of the excellent curative or clearative effects; but *à la guerre comme à la guerre,* and, anyway . . . Well, going to be a quite fairly pleasant specimen of its kind this approaching one—Season I mean—apparently, spite of

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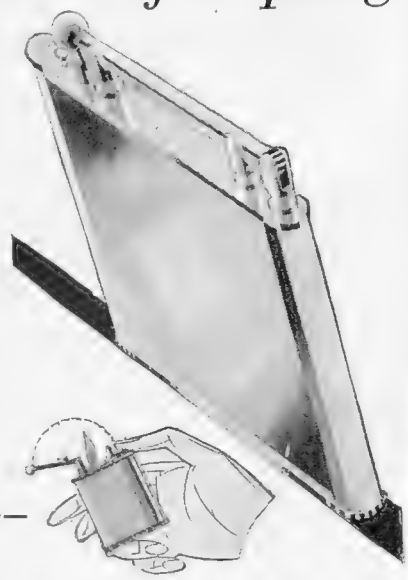

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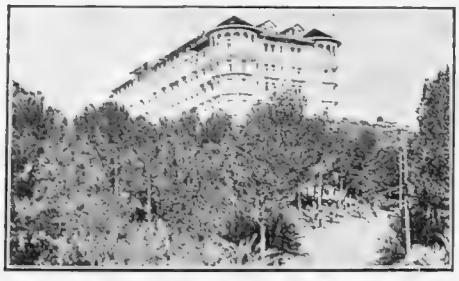

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past disappointments in the way of summer efforts in the same direction and somewhat damping experiences on moors and places where they shoot, and even *plages* where they bathe, though dampness doesn't so seriously matter there, and Channel swimming seems to be becoming quite one of our most favourite winter pastimes, what?

卐

NOVEMBER dark and drear being now more or less with us, though we can with a nice clean heart and clear conscience, I trust, devote or abandon ourselves to the frankly stuffy, as you might say, pursuits of what we no longer hesitate to call (however summery the weather may chance to be) winter. A pleasant season of the year, in sooth. Fires now lit without apology or shame, and curtains drawn about 4.30 or so, with tea ahead and cocktail time to boot. Which reminds me of an audacious remark of a rash rector about some young maiden or otherwise of seventeen years or so who claims to consume forty cocktails *per diem*, and that, mark you, dear Cousin, "without turning a hair." About one and a half bottles of gin that'd mean to start with, someone calculates, not to mention all the other details, and—oh, but what a shame it is, and how they lie to these rectors! And they say that woman has no sense of humour!

"A sea voyage round Scotland because of the excellent curative or clearative effects"

LIFE's fearfully pleasant, you know, in sooth here in London now, what with nearly everyone back, and all the theatres in full swing, and the Ritz and Claridge's, the Savoy and the Cecil, and the Carlton and the May Fair, and all the other not-at-all-expensive or dull hotels fully functioning once more. And one or two frightfully respectable night clubs, such as the Florida and the rest, yet again devastating the small hours, if any, with their post-midnight melodies. What's more, some of the younger songsters are arriving—f'rinstance, Marjorie Wyeth *chez* Grotrian, t'other night, who sang in German, French and Italian, as well as English, very charmingly, too, withal. Hunting's begun, too; also, what's even more important, hunt balls, which latter start this Friday as ever is, mark you, at Bury St. Edmunds, with the Suffolk's annual effort—though hunting the fox *is* rather a different thing sometimes from trotting him . . . ah, well.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

BIDDING GRAND SLAM

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

WHILE it is rare to have the bidding carried up to the giddy height of a grand slam, it happens occasionally that the cards are so massed that such calling is justifiable. Sometimes a player in the final game must ride for a fall to save the rubber. With majority bidding I have seen seven Clubs called over six Spades. The declarer was doubled, and was only one down on his contract, losing 100 points less 54 for honours—a very cheap save, seeing that the opponents must have made game and rubber with six Spades.

To bid a grand slam is, as a rule, a risky experiment. It should be done only when by the bidding you realise that the cards are divided freakily and when there is a prospect of success or only light punishment.

I give an example where the blacks were pitted against the reds, one side holding Spades and Clubs and the other Hearts and Diamonds:

	S.—A, 8, 6, 3, 2. H.—None.	D.—8, 5, 4. C.—A, K, J, 7, 2.
S.—None. H.—K, Q, 7, 5, 3. D.—A, Q, J, 9, 7, 6, 3. C.—Q.	Y A B Z	S.—10, 9, 4. H.—A, J, 10, 8. D.—K, 10, 2. C.—10, 6, 5.
	S.—K, Q, J, 7, 5. H.—9, 6, 4, 2.	D.—None. C.—9, 8, 4, 3.

Score: Game all. A B, 20 in third game; Y Z, love. Z deals and bids "One Spade"; A, "Two Diamonds"; Y, "Three Spades"; B, "Four Diamonds"; Z, "Four Spades"; A, "Five Diamonds"; Y, "Five Spades"; B, "Six Diamonds"; Z, "Six Spades"; A, "Seven Diamonds"; Y, "Seven Spades"; B, "Double." All pass.

. . . . . .

Now I am not going to say the bidding was sound.

A had little chance of making seven Diamonds, and in Y's place I should have doubled instead of bidding seven Spades. But I give the calling as it occurred.

A opened with his single Queen of Clubs. Z won the first trick with the King of Clubs, took a round of trumps, winning with the Jack in his own hand, and then led a Heart, trumping in Dummy. He got the lead twice more into his own hand by trumping Diamonds, and ruffed two more Hearts in Dummy, the last with the Ace. Then he extracted the two remaining trumps and made four Clubs left in Dummy, on the last of which he discarded his fourth Heart.

He therefore made eight trump tricks and five Clubs—an all-black grand slam doubled, game and rubber.

. . . . . .

At Contract Bridge, when there is a very large premium given for Slam bidding, there are in America numerous conventions for arriving at the desired consummation.

These conventions appear to the English player absolutely bad and mad, but they do get there—sometimes, if not always.

In an American book on Contract occurs the following example:

	S.—x, x. H.—J, x, x.	D.—Q, J, x, x. C.—A, K, J, x.
S.—A, K, Q, x, x, x, x, x, x. H.—x x. D.—x, x. C.—x.	Y A B Z	S.—J, 10, x. H.—10, x. D.—10, x. C.—10, x, x, x, x, x
	S.—None. H.—A, K, Q, x, x, x.	D.—A, K, x, x, x. C.—Q, x.

Score: Love all. Z deals and bids "Two Hearts"; A, "Two Spades"; Y, "Four—Hearts"; B. "No bid"; Z, "Four Spades"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Five Clubs"; B, "Double"; Z, "Five Diamonds"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Six Hearts"; B, "No bid"; Z, "Seven Hearts." All pass.

Now this, you may say, is absolutely insane. How could Z bid "Four Spades" without a Spade in his hand and with the suit called against him by A?

This is one of these wild conventions which make the game a farce.

Z's bid of four Spades means that he can take the first trick in Spades. It says to his partner, "I have the Ace of the suit or none of it." In this case none.

Similarly, Y's bid of "Five Clubs" shows Z that Y has the tops of that suit. In this tortuous way Z arrives at the conclusion that he can safely bid a grand slam with its big bonus.

But heaven forbid we should ever adopt such methods over here!

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AVENUE DE LA GARE

OXFORD

You will be interested to learn that we have now amongst us 200 more Freshmen—bless their hearts! – than ever before. Also, that last week the gentleman who represented the Vice-Chancellor conferred no fewer than 430 degrees in one afternoon. And you must admit, dear Bystanders, that a couple of such records make a reassuring beginning to a letter. And about this film, "The City of Youth," which the British Empire Film Institute has up its sleeve. Are they laughing up it as well when they select a twenty-year-old romance by Mrs. Sydney Ball as their material? Listen to the *Isis* leading article: "There is no valid reason why we, who at the moment compose Oxford and all that is in it, should allow ourselves to be depicted as the trumpery actors in a roseate spectacle for Colonial nincompoops." That, as schoolmasters say, is "writing." And any words of mine on the subject would merely lower the tension.

By Mac

K. DE J. HOFMEYR

One of the most promising of the Oxford forwards. Before taking up residence at University he played for Capetown

To fill in time while we are awaiting the film, John Masefield has presented us with his "Tristan and Isolt" at his theatre on Boar's Hill. But that is over, and we are still waiting. The Union, meanwhile, has decided "that England is in greater danger from America than from Russia." And after Dick Acland and Duff Dunbar have been at a subject, what more is there to be said? Merely that Acland and Dunbar made speeches. Or, perhaps, that Dunbar wore a red carnation in his button-hole, while Acland did not.

Recently our athletes really began to get busy. The golfers up and beat the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society at Southfield. Among the slain were three ex-captains of Oxford. The Soccer players, however, came off second best against the Corinthians at the Crystal Palace, though one's attention was held by the slippery ground and the steady rain rather than by individual performers, with the exception of McBride, our goalkeeper. But for him the number of goals scored against us would certainly have been increased from ten to fifteen. The weather conditions were similar in the Rugger match against the United Services, though our defeat was achieved by a smaller margin of three goals to one. The day was remarkable for the injury sustained by Harold Caccia, in consequence of which he retired to the back row of the scrum. Which must have been a novel experience for an ex-keeper of the field.

The same Saturday, the 22nd, also saw a meeting of the new Trust for the Preservation of the Beauties of this city. Lord Cave, our Chancellor, the Master of Balliol, and the Warden of New College, had much to say about the dangerous possibility of Oxford becoming indistinguishable from any other provincial town. A fund will be opened shortly, and of this you will not be able to pretend ignorance, my dear Bystanders. I warn you. JINGO.

CAMBRIDGE

Mr. Terence Gray, of the Festival Theatre, has been causing a nice little storm in Cambridge this past week. Dear me! It was all about last week's issue of his magazine programme. At the appropriate time Terence sent along a diatribe upon the Lord Chamberlain and other sundry matters, which the Editor of the programme (though in the Hall, and perfectly broad-minded) held to be offensively blasphemous. And so, being an undergraduate, and concerned about his own reputation (and, incidentally, his skin, having an ecclesiastical tutor, and, between ourselves, having been nearly sent down once before over a slightly irreverent rag, which is all rather irrelevant, and another of these stupid parentheses), the said Editor goes off to see Terence Gray to make his perfectly laudable protest. But Terence is in London, and the Editor in a quandary. The Theatre must have its programme, so the Editor takes what seems to him the only possible way out, prints the article as it stands, with a note disassociating himself with the sentiments expressed.

Terence comes back from London, reads the programme, tears his beard, and presents an ultimatum to the poor Editor—immediate resignation or an apology in the next number. The Editor refuses an apology. Now there is a new Editor.

The undergraduate papers have come out hot and strong about the matter. So have several quite respectable London papers. But, after all is said and done, everybody in Cambridge enjoys Terence's plays, and if you don't enjoy blasphemy, well, you needn't read his programme, and if he really wants to go on like this, well, then, nothing in the world can stop him.

On Wednesday, when you will read this letter, the first round of the Light Fours will be rowed. This is the first of the College competitions on the river, and will be the centre of rowing interest until the final on Saturday. Third Trinity have won this event with a monotonous regularity for several years, and have again entered an excellent four, now stroked by the gigantic Collins, one of the mightiest men that ever sat a boat.

Trial eight practice has been going on steadily, but until the Light Fours are over most of the better oars are engaged elsewhere. Next week Holcroft's choice will be less limited, and trials should begin to show a more workmanlike appearance.

By Jock

E. F. LONGRIGG

The Cambridge cricket Blue, who has been taking up hockey this term more seriously than the artist might have one suppose. In fact, he received a place in the Seniors' Trial

On Wednesday, too, the New South Wales XV visit Cambridge to play the University on the University ground. It was here that the All Blacks received a check two years ago, and it will be interesting to see what impression Rowe Harding's team make. RAB.

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A colourful design by Debenham

Striking effects can be gained by a careful choice of headgear. *The Burberry coat on the right has the new zippe fastening*

BY HELEN MCKIE

Some designs from the leading houses which show how successfully attractive appearance can be combined with serviceability in winter sports outfits

WHAT TO WEAR IN SWITZERLAND

BY PRUDENCE O'SHEA

Sketches by GLADYS PETO and NICK

CLOTHES intended for Swiss winter sports are rapidly approaching the proportions of a uniform. The same can be said for the regulation two-piece bathing costume which Americans made popular because it was found to be so practical, and because it also suggested *chic* and efficiency. The reasons are the same in the case of sports outfits.

ONE sees very few bizarre eccentricities sartorially, and where these are seen it is not the sane woman or the good sportswoman who wears them. Clothes play a most important part with the latter, not because she is vain, but because so much depends upon the suitability of her clothes in the free play of her limbs. Unsuitable clothes proclaim the novice at once.

OF course, the peculiar clarity of the atmosphere in the Engadine prompts the choice of gay colours; and though last year and the year before some very clever Norwegian skiers set the fashion for dun-coloured clothes—these being considered a criterion of efficiency—one sees rather brighter colour schemes this year. I would say the following colour combinations are amongst the smartest and most becoming:—

Stripes of slate and rust on a tan ground.
Yellow and lettuce colouring with a sulphur ground.
Sky-blue and rose-pink on grey.
Wine, crushed strawberry, and pale *bois de rose*.
Cement, nigger, and cocoa.
Pervenche.

A POINT to be noticed is the favour in which tans, as a ground, are still held. These tans differ slightly from the beige tones of last year in that they have rather more of a raisin tint about them, and might be described as milk-chocolate colour or *café au lait*. The truth is that as a background it is highly improbable that women will ever have anything quite so harmonious as tans and beiges as a basis for dressing; for as long as a woman bears them in mind when choosing all her colours she is sure to create a tasteful *ensemble*. The days are past when all sorts of colours were introduced into the toilette. One still gets colourful and contrasting effects, but these are the result of taste and selection, and not the chaos following an unfortunate accident. For instance, a delightful ski-ing outfit was made in grey covert cloth, with woollen scarf, cap, socks, and all accessories in stripes of blue and pink. This created a pretty and youthful colour scheme which at the same time had distinctive character.

THE combination of wine shades was seen in a skating outfit. The skirt was of cloth the colour of Burgundy and smooth-surfaced, made upon wrap-over lines to allow freedom of movement for the limbs; while a tunic of extremely closely knitted wool introduced the crushed strawberry tint and the *bois de rose*. That was a very original colour scheme, and the wearer looked most attractive in it.

"Long trousers are ideal"

DRESS designers and colourists are of the opinion that it is the taste for greys which keeps alive the *flair* for pervenche blue; for really the latter is not always becoming, though one sees quite a lot of it. Greys, however, though not exactly the national passion that beiges have been for some time, have managed to hold their place for longer than was prophesied. These greys are not slate, but a mixture of beige and stone; and it is possibly the warmth in them which is responsible for their being so universally becoming. It is odd to reflect also that, although many *couturiers* believed that greys against a background of white would have a chilling effect, the result is delicate.

IT is no longer necessary to tell women who intend going in seriously for winter sports in Switzerland that brushed, rough wool is a mistake because it holds the snow and "trickles." Very few houses show brushed wool in their models, and if they did women have too much sense now to buy it simply because it looks pretty. The favourite fabrics are still covert cloth, fine reps, *suèdes*, and similarly closely woven materials, proofed, for breeches and tunics; while beneath the latter kashas and angora stockinettes are seen as jumpers. There are no floral designs or cubistic effects in knit wear, all colours being introduced by stripes, which are almost always horizontal. Very few women now complain that horizontal stripes tend to thicken the effect of the figure.

WHILE on the subject of jumper fabrics, it is interesting to note that two new weaves are showing great signs of popularity. The first of these

is a hopsack ground woven in an angora wool, so that it is as supple and "silky" as angora stockinette. The second is a broken weave which resembles a close crochet pattern, and in appearance it seems as though it might be stiff to the touch. In reality it is as soft as the former, as it also contains a high percentage of angora wool.

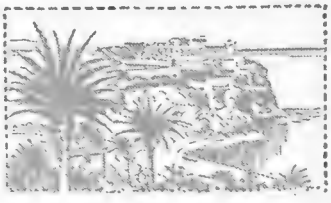
IT is as well to detail the garments which make up the ideal sports costume for ski-ing. There is the fine jumper worn over the long, graduating "trousers." These have taken the place in favour of the breeches which were laced at the knee, and which were considered so smart and shapely because the former are much more practicable than the latter. Whether puttees were worn over these breeches, or stockings pulled over the lacings, it was found that smartness could only be achieved by tightness, and this tightness caused discomfort when the wearer was in swift and continuous movement. Puttees also sometimes came unwrapped. These long trousers, therefore, are ideal, as there is no pressure on the limbs between the waist and the ankle. They are also rather slimmer in line than last year, though it is always as well to point out that these changes in line are gradual and do not necessitate a change of costume every season. This slight narrowing in the silhouette is to be found also in jumpers and tunics. It is not that they are tight, but that all unnecessary bagginess is eliminated. One sees a good deal of "rippe" fastening.

REVERTING to the garments which form the ski-ing uniform, after the jumper and trousers there is the proofed tunic. This generally has a high collar, and fastens with a row of buttons either down the front or side. Then there are the scarf, the cap, the gloves, and the three pairs of stockings beneath the strong boots. The stockings are, first, a pair of lisle to prevent roughness against the skin, which the long goats' hair stockings might cause; and, finally, the dainty and decorative sock with the gaily coloured "turn-down" at the top which is drawn over the boot. The base of the trouser passes under the instep and fastens inside the boot under the two upper pair of hose, but *over* the lisle pair.

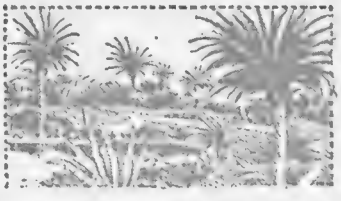
"Women are wearing uniforms"

SPEAKING of scarves, it does not seem to me that these are considered quite such a necessary adjunct to the toilette as formerly. They are jolly in appearance, of course, but they have always been rather troublesome, as in tobogganing, ski-ing, and skating they are liable to wave into the wearer's eyes. Hence the high collar is almost ubiquitous. This, needless to say, furthers the illusion that women are wearing uniforms.

GENERALLY speaking, I would say that the carnival spirit in winter sports fashions is rather on the wane, just as it waned in golf styles. In its place a quieter note is being achieved, which is much neater though less picturesque, but which gives the impression that women take their sports in a more ambitious spirit and with less femininity. The clothes are really worn as a complement to the sport; not the sport feebly attempted in order to wear sparkling clothes. It is only another instance that women are becoming more than ever serious sportswomen. P. O'S.



Forecast of Attractions for Monte's Winter Season



MANY important changes have been taking place in this most favoured of earth's pleasant spots, with the result that it now approaches as nearly to the ideal as one could wish for in any winter resort.

To give an outline of the very full programme for the season of 1927-28, details of which will be given later on, it is necessary to mention the most important items only.

In the world of music there will be as many as sixty-four entertainments, in addition to the symphony concerts which begin before the season proper opens. At some of these Sir Henry Wood and many other notable orchestral leaders will be seen.

The theatrical season will be noteworthy for the number of musical comedies—all great London and Paris successes—which will be staged in the Casino Theatre. The famous artists who will appear in straight comedy include Mlle. Cecile Sorel and M. Sacha Guitry with his wife, Mlle. Yvonne Printemps.

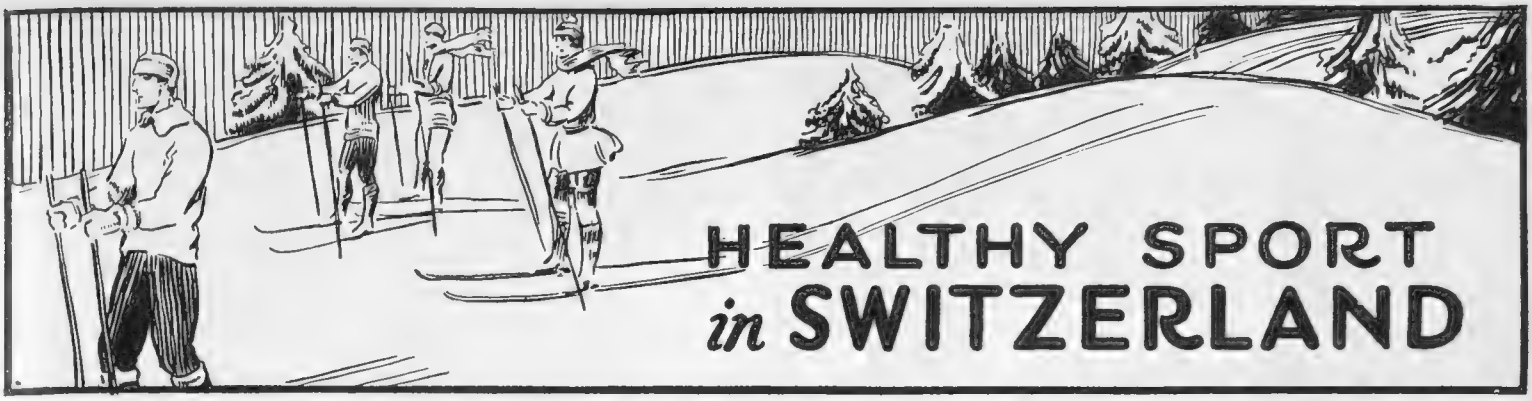
A pretty spot in the Monte Carlo Casino Gardens

General view of Monte Carlo, showing portion of the Harbour

M. Serge de Diaghileff evidently intends to give the very pick of his repertory, in addition to some ballets which have not been seen here before. We shall also meet again Miss Loie Fuller in her fantastic ballets, whilst the dancing season would be incomplete without the much-appreciated Sakharoffs.

Grand opera, which no visitor to Monte Carlo willingly misses, promises to be more satisfying than usual this year.

For the benefit of those visitors who have not previously stayed at Monte Carlo, and who would be glad to know of a really excellent hotel, we herewith mention that the "Hermitage" cannot be bettered. This has recently been improved, redecorated, and rendered so up to date that it says the very last word in comfort, luxury and efficiency. It is beautifully situated, overlooking the sea, and gets plenty of Monte's wonderful sunshine. Already many famous people well known in society have intimated their intention of staying there this winter, and if all one hears is true many gay and distinguished parties will patronise this hotel, which many people consider to be the most prettily and tastefully decorated, both inside and out, in Monte Carlo.



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BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It is stated that domestic servants are addicted to potted meat. It seems another way of asserting that such diet is caviare to the "General."

. . . . .

A SCOTTISH advocate has composed an ode to a swan. Certainly he is entitled to describe himself as a Writer To The Cygnet

. . . . .

CERTAIN fish, we are told, are susceptible to music. Yet we should never suspect a mackerel to have chromatic scales.

. . . .

THIS WEEK'S FABLE.—A wife remarked, "Yes, dear, it was my fault!"

. . . . .

"WHAT I like about this comedian," remarks a dramatic critic, "is that he walks so delicately." It almost sounds like A-gag.

. . . .

A CHICAGO criminal appealed against his sentence of death by hanging. It has, however, transpired that it was the criminal who was eventually suspended.

. . . .

WE read that the island of Tristan da Cunhà is the loneliest outpost of the British Empire. We are almost tempted to describe it as one of the Empire's ex-isles.

. . . .

A SKETCH entitled "Methods of Barbarism" is to be produced. It ought to serve excellently as a Safety (Curtain) Razor.

. . . .

WHILE a Wagnerian opera was being performed last week in Munich two of the principals came to blows. It is understood that the conductor at once called, "Seconds out of 'The Ring.'"

UNPARDONABLE

I am absolutely fed up,
I can scarcely hold my head up,
When I think of the iniquity of Brown.
How I've helped that wretched fellow!
Why, when he's been getting
"mellow,"
I've insisted he should "take it" lying
down!
I have tipped him several winners,
And I've stood him lots of dinners;
I have even let him take me down at
golf,
And I cannot tell what's led him
Thus to bite the hand that's fed him,
But I know I mean to tick the blighter
off!

. . .

Yesterday in the 9.40,
I got off a tale (not naughty),
And it simply put the carriage in a roar.
Poor old Johnson started choking,
Thompson laughed till we reached
Woking,
And I've never heard a noise like
Brown's guffaw.
'Twas a topping fishing story
That was new and wasn't hoary,
All about a chubby chap who caught a
chub.
Well, as sure as I'm a sinner,
When I met Brown after dinner,
He was telling chaps my story at the
Club!

"DID Shakespeare know anything about wireless?" asks a scientist. We seem to remember that there was an Ariel in *The Tempest.*

. . . .

To prove an achievement so much evidence is nowadays required that many people are seriously wondering whether Mr. Lloyd George really did win the war.

. . . . . .

Jane lost her head,
Ah, do not scold her:
She found it on
Her sweetheart's shoulder!

. . . .

MINERS declare that their wages are less than before the war. But surely their wages are hire.

. . . . . .

WE have received a schoolboy's translation of the following sentence: "En penchant vers lui sa tête blonde, elle lui dit, il vous reste encore une fille." "Pinching his bald head, she said, 'There's a girl waiting for you!'"

. . . . .

MANY instances of meanness have been recorded. We are inclined, however, to award the palm to the customer who only tipped the waiter a wink.

. . . . .

A CONTEMPORARY asks, "Should Girls Wear More Clothes?" The question does not seem to us to be material.

. . . .

A PRISON chaplain states that long-service convicts are notorious for their loud-singing in chapel. The statement recalls the title of the old song, "The Devout Lifer."

By FRED BUCHANAN

A SCOTTISH GROUSE

THE GUEST: "Er—isn't this game rather high?"
DONALD (*the host*): "Aye, mon, I was juist thinkin' it was—at five shellin's a wee snack!"

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Berlin	Unter den Linden 57/58
Vienna	Schwarzenbergplatz 18.
Cairo	Enquiry Office for Travel in Switzerland, Shepheard's Hotel.

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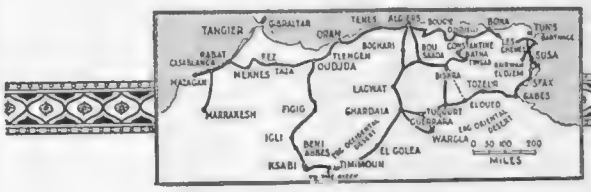

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The SUN-GOD'S SHELVES

BY

A. A. THOMSON

Mont Revard above Aix, looking down almost jauntily from its rocky shelf

THE Sun-God's palace stands, glittering and golden, in that wonderland where the dazzling white of the mountain-tops touches the magic blue of the sky. It is a palace full of rare beauties, where the towers and minarets are sunlit hill-tops and the great ground-floor rooms are smiling valleys in which the drowsy cow-bells tinkle and the springtime anemones bloom. But it is not always in his gleaming Alpine turrets or in his great *salons* that the Sun-God takes his chief delight. In the house of the poorest peasant there is always some little nook, some cosy corner where he can find pleasure in quiet and seclusion. Thus it is with the Sun-God, but it was not always so.

Once upon a time the Sun-God was bored. It was a bad time for mortals. He did not smile for days. The weather in his vicinity was as bad as it usually is in England. Anxiously his attendants inquired what was amiss.

"The fact is," said the Sun-God rather sulkily, "I'm suffering from *ennui*. I see so much scenery that I think no more of it than if it were furniture."

"But it *is* your furniture," replied his chief attendant, smiling.

"What I want," grumbled the Sun-God, "is something original, something a little different."

"Oh," said the attendant, waving his magic wand, for he was something of a magician. "Have you noticed this before, your Majesty?"

And the Sun-God rubbed his eyes.

He saw the white road that winds lazily up from Sallanches among the snow-covered pines. He saw the branches of the fir trees bowed beneath a blanket of snow and heard the murmuring song of hidden mountain stream. Below him the broad valley of the Arve, shadow-dappled, lay outstretched like a scroll. He heard the jingle of bells as the scudding sledge climbed towards the white roofs of the village of Mégève, where upon that pleasant spur of Haute Savoie the quaint old houses clustered round the tall spire of their kindly mother-church. Straight above rose the white hillside, dotted with peasant-shrines, where brightly robed saints kept watch day and night. And, above all, he saw the crest of Mont d'Arbois, with its hotel perched like a precious piece of china upon a white shelf.

"What's this?" the Sun-God demanded. "I don't remember having seen it among my possessions before. It *is* original; it *is* different. It is just the corner I've been looking for."

Mégève and Mont d'Arbois, with Mont Blanc in the background

"I'll show you another corner, too," said the magician generously.

"What, another?"

"Certainly, your Majesty." The magician waved his glittering wand. Instantly Mégève, with its hillside shrines, faded. The Sun-God found himself gazing down upon the gleaming surface of a lake of deepest blue. Before him stretched a whole world in miniature: lakeland, green valley, and soft springtime below; mountains, white snowfields, and crisp, tingling winter above. Mont Revard sat looking down almost jauntily from its rocky shelf. It might well be pleased—conceited, even—about its situation. The shimmering lake and the town of Aix were far below. In front was the magical ridge of mountains that faded into cloudland and a billowing mass of cloud that melted among the peaks. It was a spot where earth touched fairyland, and no one knew the exact boundary. Round the hillside a humorous, good-tempered little train went fussing up from Aix towards that magical spur of Mont Revard. The sprites of the place were there, too; skiing elves and skating elves and lugeing elves. I am not certain that the Sun-God did not see five jolly little gnomes whizzing by upon a bobsleigh. The Sun-God rubbed his eyes again.

"What is this?" he exclaimed.

"Just another corner," replied his attendant, smiling.

"These are corners," said the Sun-God, "where I shall come very often."

He gazed once more upon the panorama of snowclad spur and cloud-tipped peak, and smiled.

And upon Mégève and Mont Revard he has been smiling ever since.

MRS. EUGENE O'CONNELL-MAGGS

Whose marriage to Mr. E. O'Connell-Maggs, the well-known polo player, took place at Johannesburg last month. She is the daughter of Colonel F. E. Thackeray, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Thackeray, and a granddaughter of the late Sir Edward Thackeray, who, until his death a few months ago at Bordighera, was the oldest V.C.

Femina

TO SCENT OR NOT TO SCENT?

By "CANDIDA"

FORTUNATELY, hardly anyone is quite grown up. There's nearly always something they can't be reasonable about, if the truth were known. I've met some quite responsible people who cherished a secret passion for ridiculous things, like eating mixed biscuits or sailing little boats in ponds—things which they had to pretend were done for the sake of the children. No doubt the psycho-analyst people would twist them into a lurid meaning of their own. But I prefer to see them as something Peter-Pannish that prevents us from being too insufferable. Without it we might as well be *robots*; we might as well be dead.

FOR me the morning's post has never lost its glamour. Yes, I know it mostly brings one bills, or tiresome letters which must be answered if life's to be lived at all. And yet, in spite of every reasonable reason, I still look at unopened envelopes as the possible introduction to adventure, as the portway through which my ship might come sailing home some day, and find the hoping worth while even if it never does.

TO be strictly honest, this morning's adventure—mail, I mean—produced one advertisement. Not that it looked the part. No millionaire's invitation could have looked more attractive. It was beautifully printed on the best paper—so difficult to afford nowadays—and the thick envelope was addressed in an intriguing hand. A Beauty Parlour, Bond Street way, wasn't neglecting any chances, and had worked conscientiously through the directory. It read like a fairy tale in which the ugly old woman turns into a beautiful princess, excepting, of course, that the old-time magic happened in the waving of a wand, and that the new takes hours, and even then comes out in the wash. What do you think of mauve and blue powder invented specially to paint in a shadowy air of mystery where none is? And of delightful blush reds to supply the dazzle of complexions that once had it without them? And of enchanting things in boxes and bottles that make one wonder how one had ever managed to look decent without them?

DON'T run away with the idea that a catalogue of external aids summed up the whole beauty situation. They did as much, and possibly more, in Greece or in Rome. After having advised in a sparkling style (imported, I think, from America) on wrinkles, dull skins, and hair that isn't what it ought to be, it ended up with this priceless remark: "Beauty is not skin-deep; it's as shallow as your thoughts are deep, and the only way to be beautiful at any age is to *stop thinking*. Whenever you're undisturbed begin with ten minutes at a time, and increase to two hours and more"! In other words, to be perfectly vacuous will save you pounds in face cream. But it's a counsel of perfection, I'm afraid, with taxis ticking at one's door and a pressing engagement for every afternoon of the week, to say nothing of a mind that's been trained to think of three things at a time, and never knows an idle minute all the day and some of the night.

THE Beauty Parlour specialised in scents—perfumes it called them. About scent there are always two opinions. Either you can't live with it, or you wouldn't feel decent without it. There are still some survivals who insist that no really nice woman . . . It's more economical to belong to the disapproving crowd, because the price of a really good brand is far above rubies.

I ONCE travelled in France with two over-powdered, super-scented ladies and an eloquent Frenchman who aired on me his idea of our language. As a matter of fact he talked uncommonly well as he gave me his views on international politics, the state of industry, the decline of faith, the rise of the modern woman, and, finally, his ideas on scent as a means of self-expression. Obviously he belonged to the clan that liked it. Then there came into our compartment a neat young person in a sports suit who added nothing to our atmosphere overladen with the scent of things that grow in a garden and their likeness out of a bottle. He looked at her disapprovingly: "En combat sans musique, en voyage sans livre," he quoted; and added with a shrug: "Une jolie femme sans parfum!"

MY Beauty Parlour would agree with him. A woman without scent is unthinkable. Only to glance at the list is to be convinced. The pictures are dreams, the names a poem. "Dans la Nuit" in a bottle of midnight blue spangled with stars makes you imagine jasmine climbing in at the window and red roses underneath incredibly sweeter by night. Not that I know anything of the habits of flowers by night, never having stolen poetically across dew-drenched lawns by moonlight.

THERE are scents in the modern manner, too. No more romantic "Toujours à Toi," "Femme Adorée," etc. No more old-fashioned roses and violets. The new stuff claims to be at once elusive and personal. Because it's an odd thing that lots of women whose dressmakers, figures, incomes, and love affairs are no secret to anyone refuse to extend this frankness to their pet scent. "Oh, that!" they say carelessly if you should ask them. "I hardly know. It's something I've combined myself. So glad you like it." Of course they haven't "combined" it; they've paid guineas to an expert!

MISS ELIZABETH ADDYMAN

A portrait of the talented young Shakespearean actress painted by Miss H. E. Pillitz, who has exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Salon, and elsewhere. Miss Addyman, who was formerly at the Old Vic, is now leading lady in the Ben Greet Shakespeare Company

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MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

"AS A DUCK TO WATER"

A 20·9 h.p. Crossley six-cylinder Fabric Saloon making a good passage through the "raging torrent." The photograph was taken at a water-splash on a Hampshire by-road

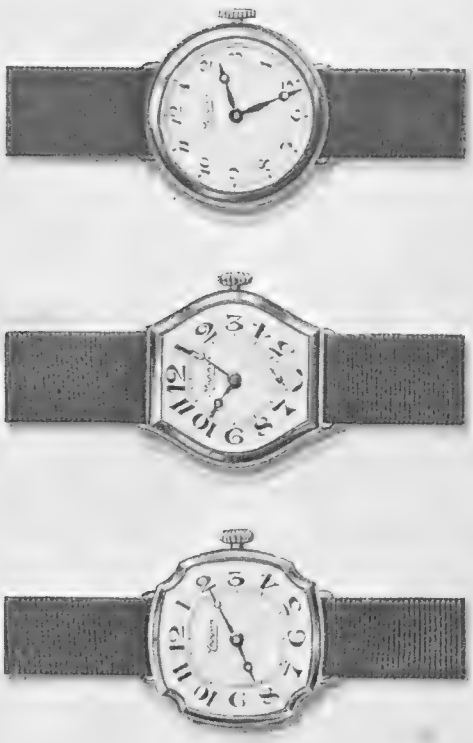
A COMFORTABLE touring carriage with the performance of many a stripped sports car is a description which might well be applied to the 16 h.p. Lancia "Lambda." From the look of the car and its reputation for speed and liveliness, you might think it required some courage and a good deal of skill to handle properly. In actual fact, a few minutes' practice proves it to be one of the easiest cars imaginable to drive. The four-cylinder engine, in spite of its high power output, is perfectly tractable; though best results are obtained by using the gear box as it is meant to be used. The car throttles down well on top gear. The low driving position and perfect braking system between them give a sense of great security in bad weather, even on the smoothest of roads—and the weather was very bad during my recent trial. The gear change itself is easy, the clutch light and the steering perfect. A very generous steering lock is one of the many points which make the Lancia very easy to handle under any conditions.

***

WHEN originally introduced, the Lambda chassis was built so as to form most of the body, and only one body, an open tourer with a detachable saloon top, was made. The basic idea is still adhered to in the case of the short chassis, but there is now a longer wheelbase chassis of more orthodox construction on which any form of coachwork may be obtained, and the Curtis Automobile Company, Ltd., who are sole concessionaires, market an extremely attractive range of bodies on this chassis. One of the most fetching is the English Weymann saloon at £845. The finish and comfort of the standard Italian 4-5-seater open car, which was the one I had on trial, are by no means to be despised. It has been greatly improved, and the hood and side screens were found to be excellent in use. On this chassis it must be remembered that some £75 worth of work and equipment for which one usually has to pay the coachbuilder is provided on the chassis itself. All the electrical equipment is wired up, and there is a locker and spare wheel attachment, mud wings and everything except the actual body.

***

FOR the first time since the service was started the number of cases dealt with under the R.A.C. "Get You Home" service in one month exceeds three figures; the actual number for September being 946 cars and 200 motor cycles, a total of



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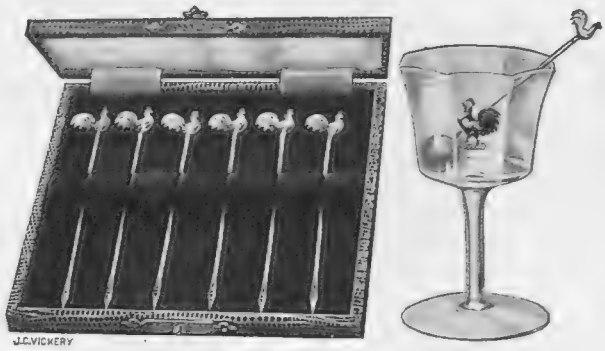

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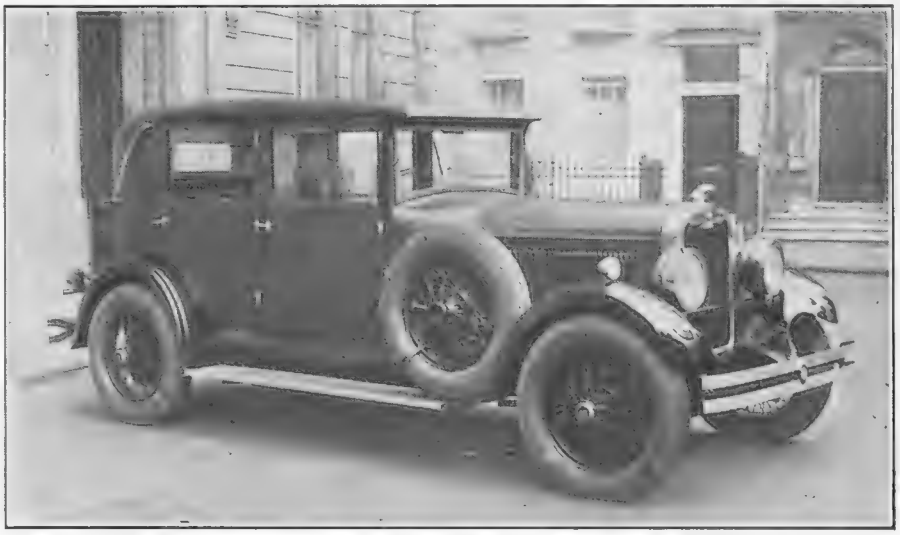
1,146. Whilst this "record" is in the main due to the very large increase in the Associate-Membership of the R.A.C., it is proof, also, that neither cars nor motor cycles are yet absolutely reliable, and it is still as necessary as ever to take precautions against being stranded by the roadside as a result of a breakdown or accident.



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A Peerless six-cylinder model with English Fabric Saloon. The R.A.C. rating of this car, the sole concessionaires for which are Bertram Alvarez, Ltd., of Berkeley Street and Stratton Street, is 25·3

JUST as this year's Olympia Motor Show beat all previous records in the matter of attendance, so did the volume of business transacted. Rootes, Ltd., of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1, who have branches in Maidstone, Dorking, Rochester, Wrotham and Birmingham (Geo. Heath, Ltd.), and who are the largest firm of car distributors in the British Isles, have already contracted to purchase approximately six million pounds' worth of cars. With the exception of a very small percentage, all are of British make, and range from the most powerful luxury carriage to the cheapest runabout, covering a price scale of from £3,000 to £135. Rootes, Ltd., report that the demand for cars on the part of private purchasers shows a big increase over anything that has been known before.

AMONGST the many interesting people who were drawn to the Olympia Motor Show was Mr. R. A. Stranahan, the President of the Champion Sparking Plug Company, who are the largest manufacturers of sparking plugs in the world. Mr. Stranahan expressed his high opinion of the British small cars on view at the Show.

* * *

CROSSLEY MOTORS, LTD., twenty of whose famous six-cylinder models formed the official fleet of vehicles on the Duke and Duchess of York's recent Empire tour, have produced a brochure entitled "With the Duke and Duchess of York in Australasia." It describes the tour, with copious illustrations and a minimum of advertising matter about the car, and is well worth sending for.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting new light "Sixes" at Olympia was the 14 h.p. Alvis. For years the Alvis Car and Engineering Company, Ltd., have striven to raise their well-known 12 h.p. four-cylinder car above the common herd. The prices of this vehicle are undeniably high, but so is the quality, and the new six-cylinder is in the same class as the famous range that has built up the name of this concern. Of 63 by 100 mm. bore and stroke, it has overhead valves operated by push-rods in a detachable cylinder head, Duralumin connecting rods, aluminium alloy pistons, and a four-bearing crankshaft. A single-plate clutch and four-speed gear box with right-hand change are fitted. The chassis price is £500, and on this chassis the very handsome Alvista patent fabric saloon is priced at £695.

E. M. WRIGHT.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

Circumspection

ART AND ENGLAND

PAVLOVA, with admirable directness, says, "England has no art." She emphasises ruthlessly, "Your country is in a dreadful state artistically. What have you? You have no opera, no drama, no orchestra."

This is a magnificently healthy challenge. It should stimulate the intelligentsia—if any. And if it only leads the critical observer to a national stocktaking, Pavlova will have rendered England a service.

It is true we have no opera. It is as crushed as the hats we put beneath our seats. As for the drama, it is a disgrace to a great city.

England, in its theatre to-day, makes no pretence to foster the arts; it is occupied entirely with manipulating its craft. And even on that plane craftiness counts for more than craftsmanship. Consider the imbecilic crook plays, the sloppy melodramas, and the vast number of American pieces that have been produced in London during the last few years. The great majority are unutterable rubbish, built upon a muck sentimentality, appallingly written, crudely constructed, and perversions of any form of literature. Not the essence of a country, but the sediment of New York City.

Pavlova will not find dramatic art in the highways of London. London is a dumping depot for second-class goods. Our theatrical managers are timorous adventurers, who explore the Continent and the United States for ready-made opinion. And if a play produces guffaws from the herd in Budapest or Broadway, when an unintelligent group of backers to support their venture has been found, the production is presented over here. The backers lose their money, the public yawns, the orchestra plays God Save the King, and so the silly game goes on.

In these parlous times few theatres in London have succeeded in maintaining a dignified tradition. One in particular, which is a fine exception, produces only the work of the best English dramatists. This is the most efficiently run theatre in the West End, and to its credit are recorded an unparalleled number of successes during the last few decades.

Ninety per cent. of the wretched foreign importations fail miserably. The taste and the psychology of the herd in Budapest and Broadway are quite contrary to the taste and psychology of the herd in London, certainly such importations are offensive to the culture of the discriminating few.

It is symptomatic of the failure of the London Theatre that those managers who have only succeeded in losing tens of thousands of pounds of other people's money, and who have become notorious by their numerous financial and artistic bankruptcies, are still sycophantically accepted as the modern leaders.

* * * * * * *

Realising with Pavlova that "England has no art," the House of Pope & Bradley devotes itself to the crafts. But in devoting itself to the execution of craft, it considers the attributes of art. It dresses the stage of life and provides a graceful mask for those whom it befits. It makes Englishmen look well, even if they don't think well. Paris, Berlin, New York, cannot approach Bond Street for men's clothes, so London remains supreme in one thing. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £6 16s. 6d. Overcoats from £9 9s.

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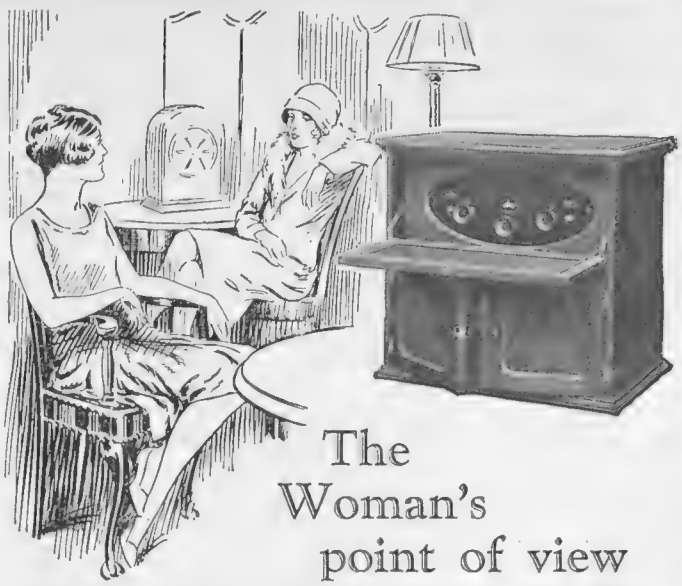

The Woman's point of view

I had no idea wireless could possibly sound like that! Why, it's absolutely life-like.

And so neat—you should see ours—it's positively terrible—with wires all over the place and acid stains on the carpet, and then it never works when there's anything good on—Jack's so particular too—won't let me even touch it. Just fancy—doing away with all those batteries and things and being able to rely on having it ready for anyone to switch on ANY TIME.

There's nothing for it, we shall have to get one—it's too good to miss.

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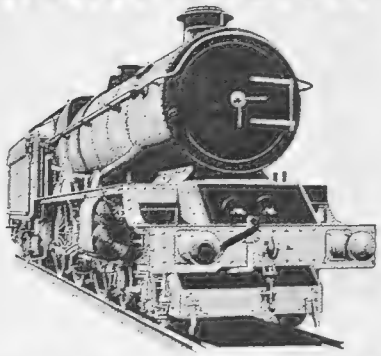

TO SPEED YOU FROM WINTER

The Torbay Limited

(12.0 noon from Paddington) has been allotted one of the largest and most powerful locomotives in the United Kingdom for the Winter Service, and the running time for the 200 miles from London to Torquay is, in consequence, reduced to 215 minutes. There are equally convenient services from the principal provincial towns.

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From	Ordinary 3rd	Ordinary 1st	Week-end 3rd	Week-end 1st
London (Paddington) - -	49/4	82/2	33/-	55/-
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Manchester -	65/10	109/8	44/-	73/3
Bristol - -	25/4	42/2	17/-	28/3
Cardiff - -	35/10	59/8	24/-	40/-

The winter climate of Torquay is better than that of the Continental Riviera and the beauty of the place is known the world over.

There is a wonderful selection of first-class Hotels; the finest of Dance Bands; hard Tennis Courts, and a Spa which is equipped with every modern medical appliance and a trained staff.

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Guide from J. M. SCOTT, (Dept. 23) TORQUAY.

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General Manager

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WHEN WINTER COMES

ADVICE GOOD AND BAD

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Not so very long ago doggy folk used to reckon it natural there should be nothing much doing in the way of Shows between the Kennel Club's in autumn and Cruft's in February. To-day (Wednesday) brings quite considerable Shows in Blackpool, Chester, Godalming, Hastings, and elsewhere, with sixty or seventy others to follow during the month in different parts of the country. The Metropolitan Police Canine Association holds its Show in Kensington to-morrow.

All friends of Dogs naturally welcome the broadcasting of practical advice regarding the care of them; but it should be practical, carefully thought out, really sound; it should be as fool-proof as possible, and never capable of perpetuating old errors. "Food should be more plentiful in cold weather, and a warm meal should be given . . ." Not very safe advice this. The Dog adequately fed in summer does not need more "plentiful" food in winter. At the most he might be given a slightly more fleshy and less farinaceous diet, but without increase of bulk. No Dog in health should ever be given "warm" food, any more than he should be given slops. Dry, crisp, hard, cold, fresh; these are safer adjectives than either "plentiful" or "warm." "With wintry conditions prevailing kennels should be moved to a dry, sheltered spot." The Kennelman takes leave to observe that no such removal should be necessary, however hard the winter, for kennels should never be placed in other than dry and sheltered spots. Also, the contraptions that many shopkeepers call kennels, while they may serve as chicken-coops, are unworthy of the yallerest of yaller Dogs. The Dog requires a house that you yourself can step into and clean out, something equal at least to a decent fowl-house. To chain a Dog to a kennel is iniquitous. The iniquity is not excused by his being a watch-Dog; it is then stupid as well as cruel. To be efficient the watch-Dog must be free to patrol the premises he guards, especially by night.

No matter how appealing the hearth-rug or how gloomy the skies, your Dog is even more in need of regular daily exercise *and* grooming in winter than in summer. Tempted into evil ways, he may be ready enough to hibernate, to rouse himself only to debauchery on toasted muffins or the like. To allow it is to condemn him to inevitable dyspepsia, fatty degeneration of mind and body, and skin trouble.

"People who are cruel enough to keep *large* Dogs in Town should certainly be made to pay large taxes for them." Again the perpetuation of old errors. Some Dogs are more suitable than others for town life, but size has little or nothing to do with it. Little and medium-sized Dogs of the most definitely sporting and working strains are vastly more irked by the confinement of town life than many of the big fellows, some of whom adapt themselves readily to more or less sedentary ways. Another error which persists is that of fancying true kindness lies in trying to feed and treat Dogs as though they were humans —"exactly as one of ourselves." The digestive system of the Dog (strictly carnivorous) is totally different from our own, and demands a very different dietary. One correspondent has carried this error so far as carefully to sprinkle salt over her Dog's dinner every day, and to use salt in cooking his meat. The Dog did his best to counteract by copious drinking, but has lately taken to being "dreadfully poorly" after dinner! For the carnivorous Dog salt is definitely an emetic, and never should be given in his food.

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Here is the way

To glistening teeth that dentists now advise

MODERN science now tells us how to brighten dingy teeth and give toneless gums a healthy coral tint. A new way widely urged by leading dentists of the world. Different in formula, action and effect, it does what no other method has yet attained—removes and combats, without harsh grit, the dangerous film that covers teeth and which old-type dentifrices do not fight successfully.

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will find that film. Under it are the prettier, whiter teeth you envy in others. If you combat that film, your teeth will quickly glisten delightfully. Ask your chemist for a tube of Pepsodent. Results will amaze you.

Film is the great enemy of tooth beauty. And, according to world's dental authorities, is regarded as the potential source of most tooth and gum troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food in contact with teeth, inviting the acid that may cause decay.

You can't have prettier, whiter teeth; you can't have healthier teeth unless you combat that film.

Try Pepsodent now. Don't expect the same results from old-type dentifrices. Begin beautifying your teeth to-day.

TRADE MARK **Pepsodent**

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

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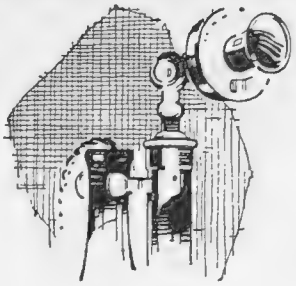

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Safeguard Your Voice

Your office desk isn't completely equipped without a tin of "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. Always keep a tin within handy reach—your safeguard when you have a busy morning's dictating or when you are faced with a heavy day of interviews; and as they contain no harmful drug you may take them as freely as you like.

They are Delicious

Your Chemist stocks them.

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2 oz. - 8d.
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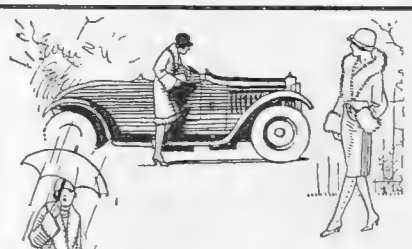


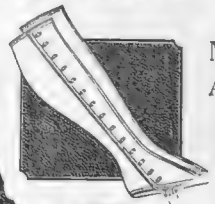
Apart from providing protection against biting East winds and damp, to be fashionable the gaiter must be perfectly tailored, gripping comfortably about the ankle and knee, so avoiding creases which quickly mar their effect.

GLOVE FITTING GAITERS

OVER KNEE GAITERS

19/9 & 35/-

Postage 6d.



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Also UNDER KNEE SIZE.

16/9, 19/9, 25/-

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Dainty Lingerie

THE silky sheen and surface of "XANTHA" is wonderfully soft, supple and comfy for present-day Dainty Lingerie wear. The prettiest undies retain their shape as well as their freshness after repeated laundering & constant wear.

Available in every lovely colour for Cami-knickers, Cami-bockers, Camisoles, Princess Slips, Nightdresses, etc.

Leading Drapers and Stores will gladly show you a selection, either in the piece (48-49 ins. wide, **6/11** per yard) or in garments ready to wear. If any difficulty, please write Courtaulds, Ltd. (Dept. 34), 16, St. Martin's le Grand, London, E.C.1.

"XANTHA"—made by Courtaulds, Ltd., the Manufacturers of "LUVISCA," "DELYSIA," etc.

When purchasing "Xantha" Lingerie insist upon seeing the Blue Tab as facsimile on right.

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A **McLintock** is the most hygienic, comforting, and warmth providing quilt obtainable, and the covers are really DOWNPROOF.

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Switzerland—and Winter Sports

SWITZERLAND! What a glorious prospect! Sun! Blue skies! Snow! Ski-ing! Skating! Lugeing! No wonder the bookings are heavier every year. The right clothes for a trip abroad are always an important consideration, and especially so in the case of a Winter Sports Holiday, for so many things have to be taken into account and to attempt to remedy matters on the spot is always expensive, generally unsatisfactory, and often impossible. Whatever may have been the case in the past, no outfit to-day need be incorrect or inadequate, thanks to the enterprise of London Swiss Sports Outfitters, whose expert advice is always at hand. For ski-ing, becoming increasingly popular among women, suits, designed on masculine lines and carried out in smooth, snow-resisting, waterproofed fabrics, are absolutely essential.

Black hand-tucked georgette over pink carries out a most effective demi-toilette from the Inexpensive Gown Department at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford St., W.

Becoming, Practical Outfits

AND wonderfully becoming these are, with coats made in a variety of styles and perfectly cut trousers or breeches. Some enthusiasts prefer quiet colours, others gay ones; and in any case, the woollies seen in the form of sweaters, scarves, caps, socks and gloves, never fail to brighten the landscape. For skating, of course, no rigid dress laws can be laid down, save that skirts shall be short and allow complete freedom, which most of them do to-day! And at the fashionable resorts, such as St. Moritz and Mürren, nothing is too smart for the Rink.

The Journey There

ANY old thing does *not* do to travel in! Smart women look their smartest on journeys, for all that their get-up is intensely practical, and it is they who manage to secure the corner seats and get their luggage through the Customs easily. Even officials have their human side! See on the right one of the smartest of this season's travelling coats from Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W. Perfectly cut, carried out in soft, fancy tweed in a lovely blue and biscuit mixture, it has a collar of the fashionable lynx, and costs 18½ guineas. And leather coats! They are very much in the picture this year and are to be found in the same Department. Made in all the Season's new colours, cardinal-red, jade-green, etc., trimmed with fur and lined with soft cloth, they are priced from 12½ guineas. Woolland Bros., by the way, stock tweed overcoats from 5½ guineas, so girls on allowance and young married women, and the many other folk who nave to "count their pennies," can be assured of getting something becoming and up to date at a very low price indeed.

When You Arrive—

YOUR first action is, of course, to don your ski-ing suit which, if you have been wise, you have purchased from a firm with a specialised knowledge of what is suitable for Winter Sports and able to combine the becoming with the practical. The latest variety from Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street and Regent Street, is shown at the top of the following page and is carried out in the best quality proofed gabardine in various colourings,

The latest in travelling coats, made of mixed fancy tweed and collared in lynx for which Woolland Bros., 95, Knightsbridge S.W., are responsible

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

The Season's new interpretation of the ski-ing suit carried out in proofed gabardine. Note the short coat and perfectly cut trousers. Peter Robinson, Ltd., Oxford St. and Regent St.

the new saxe, emerald green, navy, etc., and also in black. Note that the belted coat with its practical pockets is rather shorter than last year's model, and for that all the smarter, and that *trousers* complete the outfit. The majority of women prefer these today to breeches and puttees. This particular model is priced at five guineas, but Messrs. Peter Robinson stock these suits at prices ranging from three guineas, with either trousers or breeches and, what is more, in three sizes, not forgetting the Large Woman.

Variety in Ski-ing Suits

SKETCHED at the bottom of the page is another interpretation of the ski-ing suit by Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C., for like all else pertaining to clothing for the Fair Sex, styles in Winter Sports clothes vary considerably, so that it is indeed an unlucky woman who cannot find something to suit her. This particular model, cut with a becoming panel back, is made in a variety of colourings, both grave and gay and priced, with either trousers or breeches, in wool gabardine, from £5 5*s.*, and in cotton gabardine from £3 3*s.* Matching caps cost 10*s.* 6*d.*, and a small additional charge of half a guinea is asked when suits are made to measure. Woollen sweaters, scarves, gloves, socks, etc., carried out in all manner of designs in gay colours show up effectively against a snowy background! They are all-important, too! Messrs. Gamage stock sweaters from 18*s.* 11*d.*, and for the same price pleated skirts of wool-rep that are quite ideal for skating; and 29*s.* 11*d.* will purchase a sweater with a cap to match. And it is not only in Winter Sports clothes that they are specialists, but in anything and everything that is required for Switzerland—skis, ski-ing, sticks, ski-ing boots, skates, skating boots, etc., all designed by experts with practical knowledge of what is required. Their Winter Sports Catalogue, which will be sent on application, makes most interesting reading and will help very considerably towards the enjoyment of the best of all holidays.

The Night Side of Switzerland!

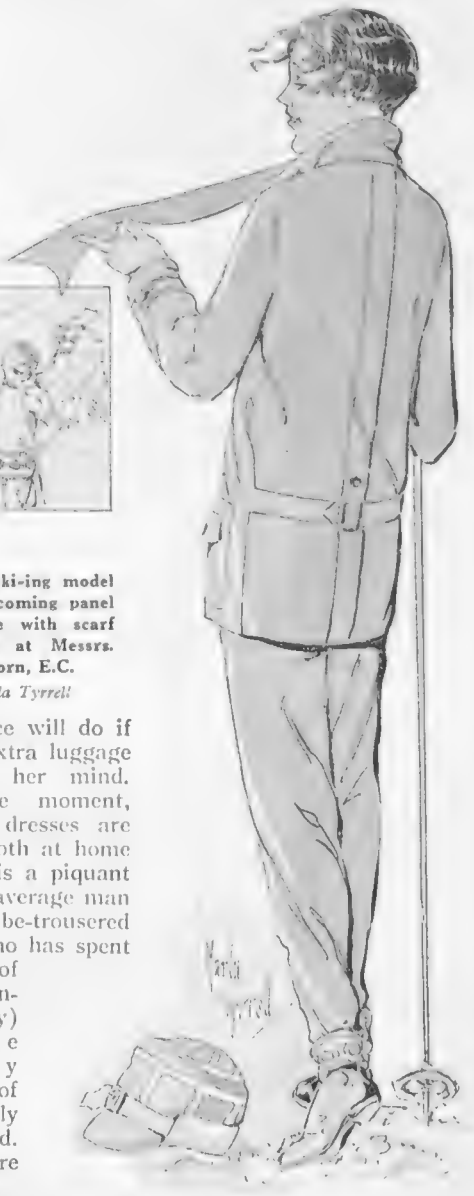
AND very important too, for at the gayer resorts there is a dance at one or other of the hotels practically every night and even at quieter ones it is usually a case of dancing after dinner. So lots of dance frocks are absolutely essential to the real enjoyment of a Swiss Winter Sports Holiday; likewise a variety of *demi-toilettes* for those magic hours between tea and dinner that are also crammed with gaiety. It is lucky, then, that the Inexpensive Gown Department at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, where all models are priced at six guineas, caters admirably for such needs. Dance, dinner and tea *toilettes* of chiffon, georgette, lace and satin *beauté* are infinite in their variety, expressed in all the latest colours and in black, too, for this, in frocks at least, is a *very* black year! The colour generally used with it is a soft, delicious pink—almost, but not quite, a *bois-de-rose*. This shade underlines the attractive little black georgette model sketched on the preceding page, hand-tucked and frilled. And in another, of soft black velvet, it lines, in *crêpe de Chine*, the flowing side drapery.

The Older Woman

VELVET brocaded georgette, in black and many other shades, carries out a graceful, becoming gown for the older woman, completed either by a short, matching coatee or a long coat of plain georgette with a wide border of brocaded fabric. And it is not only those who pride themselves on being stock size who can find something to suit them in Marshall's Inexpensive Gown Department—big people will rejoice to find that here at least they are not forgotten, for most of the lovely models are stocked not in *one* but *many* sizes.

Not Forgetting Fancy Dress

AND, still talking of the night side of life in Switzerland, it's an unwise woman indeed who doesn't take at least one fancy costume along with her, in order that she may "invest in her motley" at short notice. She is sure to need it, and possibly more than once. Something quite simple and that occupies the minimum of space will do if the question of extra luggage looms large in her mind. Though, at the moment, rather elaborate dresses are the fashion for both at home and abroad. It is a piquant situation for the average man to find that the be-trousered young woman who has spent the greater part of the day (quite unembarrassedly) head-first in the snow turns by night into one of the more stately queens of England. Contrasts are always amusing.



A wool gabardine ski-ing model designed with a becoming panel back and complete with scarf collar. Sketched at Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C.

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

FOR present-day Dainty Lingerie Wear—fashion dictates

"Delysia" (Registered)

"DELYSIA" fulfils present-day requirements, having the delicate sheen and fine texture of silk, being deliciously soft, and improving in appearance with washing and ironing. "DELYSIA" is unlike other fabrics, and carries the manufacturers' guarantee of complete satisfaction in wash and wear. "DELYSIA" is obtainable from all Drapers and Stores at 3/11½ per yard, 37-38 ins. wide. "DELYSIA" is dyed in a multitude of beautiful fashion shades.

The name "DELYSIA" is stamped on the selvedge.

"Delysia"
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For present-day Jumper-styles, Evening Frocks, Dresses, Dainty Lingerie, Etc.

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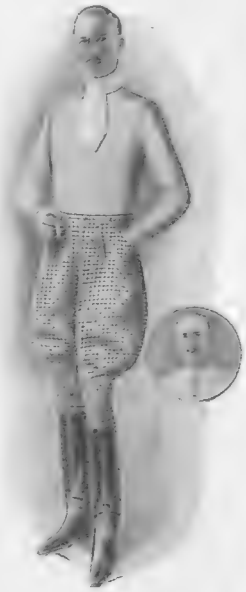
FAMOUS YELLOW HUNTING SHIRT
(*as worn by Royalty*)



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THE APPROACH OF WINTER

with its colder winds, is a trying time to the skin, yet a small amount of care is sufficient to keep it soft and smooth and free from cracks and dryness.

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should be used regularly as a protection before going out and as an emollient after exposure. A small quantity rubbed gently over the face, neck, hands and arms night and morning and wiped off with a soft towel, soothes and whitens and gives a perfect skin and complexion.

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A War Memorial

On October 5 a tablet commemorating the Dead in the British Army who fell in France during the Great War was unveiled in Rheims Cathedral. The tablet is similar to that in Notre-Dame in Paris. The British delegation was headed by General Sir Alexander Godley, the British Ambassador being represented by Major R. L. Sherbrooke, the Assistant Military Attaché. After the ceremony Sir Alexander Godley laid a wreath before the statue of Joan of Arc and visited the memorial to the Dead of the 132nd Infantry Regiment of the French Army.

JOHN NORTH

Whose new novel, "Patricia Lacked a Lover," possesses all the peculiar wit and sympathy which the author has already shown himself to own, Mr. North, who took History and Law at Cambridge, was called to the Bar after the War, but left it to take up journalism and authorship again

The World's Oldest Train

The London and North-Eastern Railway have just issued a second edition of their "Flying Scotsman" book, brought up to date, telling in an interesting way the life story of this famous train, which for over sixty-five years has left King's Cross at 10 a.m. The book is well illustrated, many of the pictures being of historical interest, and is on sale at L.N.E.R. stations and offices, or at railway bookstalls, at 1s. per copy.

A Cigarette to Know

Nothing can be more irritating to the nerves—and the throat—than a cigarette made of inferior tobacco. Instead of bringing that gentle solace which is one of the boons conferred on her adherents by My Lady Nicotine, they serve merely to put one out of favour with things in general and cigarette smoking in particular. It behoves the sensible smoker, therefore, to choose his cigarette with care and discrimination. That there are many wise smokers is proved by the ever-increasing popularity of Spinet Virginia cigarettes, and it is to be noted that they cost but 1s. 6d. for 20.

Trains to Switzerland

Important alterations have been made in the times of certain trains to Switzerland this season. From December 15 to February 28 the Engadine Express will run daily instead of three times a week. Leaving London at 2 p.m., travellers will leave Paris at 7.55 p.m. and Bâle at 6.10 a.m., reaching Coire at 9.44 a.m. and St. Moritz at 12.20 p.m. On the return journey St. Moritz is left at 6.45 p.m. and Coire at 9.30 p.m. The traveller reaches Bâle at 1.13 a.m., Paris at 10.35 a.m., and London at 5.18 p.m. The midday through train, leaving Zurich at 1.17 p.m. and reaching Coire at 3 p.m., will also be run from December 15 to February 28.

An Excellent Handbook

The Winter Sports Annual, 1927, published by Cecil Palmer, 49, Chandos Street, W.C.2, at 1s., should find a place in the kit of anyone contemplating going out to the sports. In addition to well-informed notes on winter sports centres all over Europe, it gives just those items of information on outfit, etc., which are most needed by the beginner.

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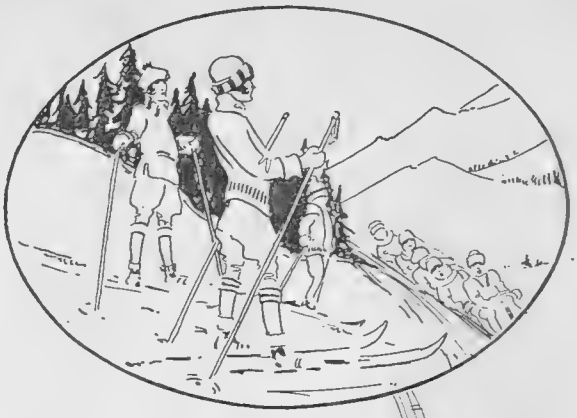

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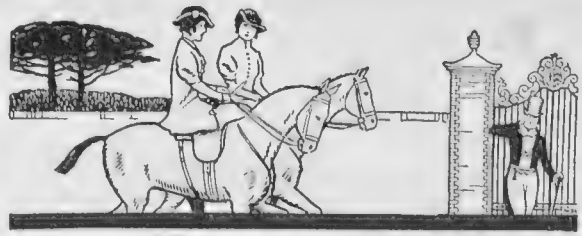

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"Dress" is a favourite topic of conversation between women—as it should be. It is the duty of every woman to see that her natural charms are presented in a worthy setting. But to talk of "Dress" is not necessarily to talk of "new dresses." Many women, in such a discussion, give an important place to the advantages of cleaning and dyeing in the "Achille Serre Way."

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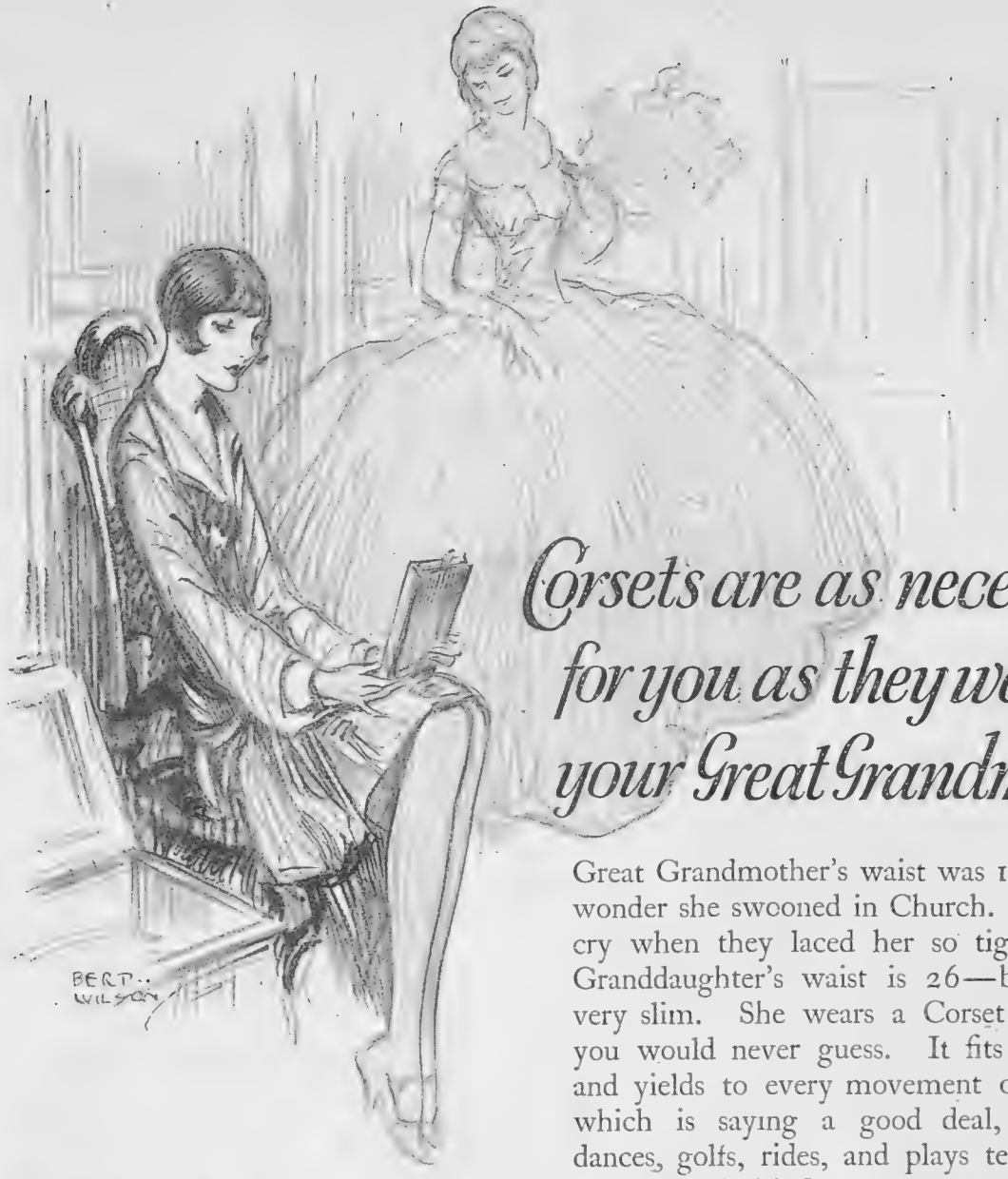

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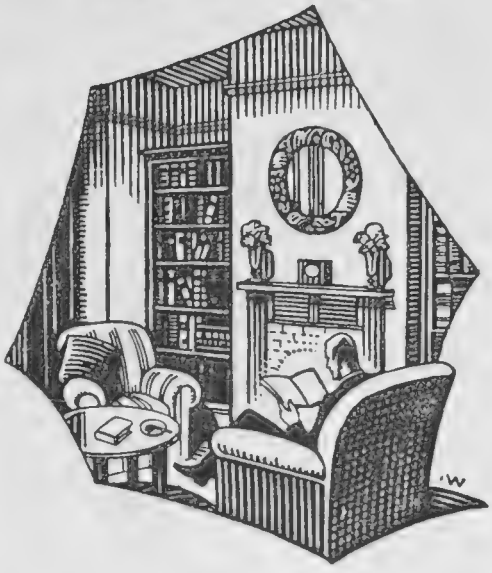

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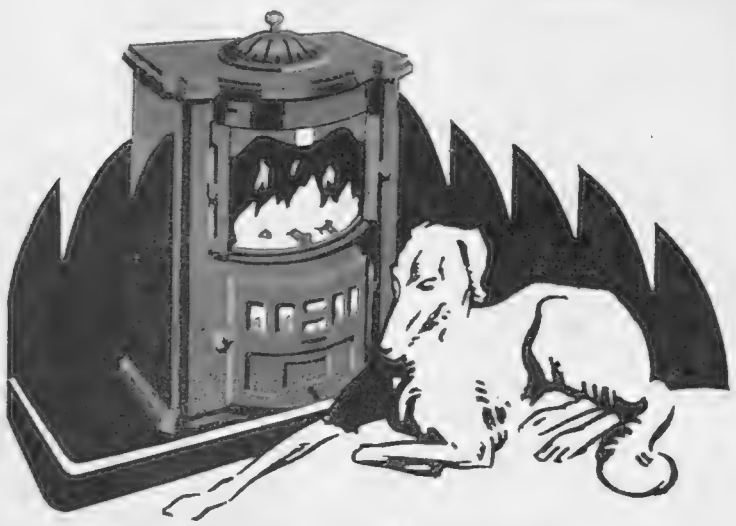

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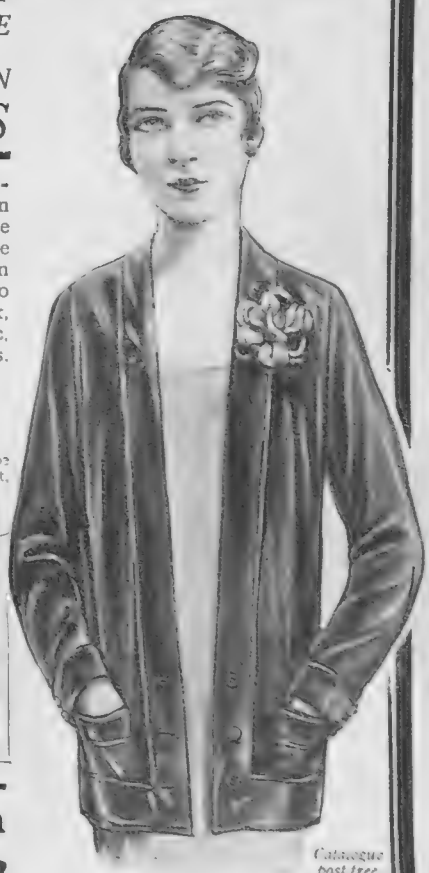

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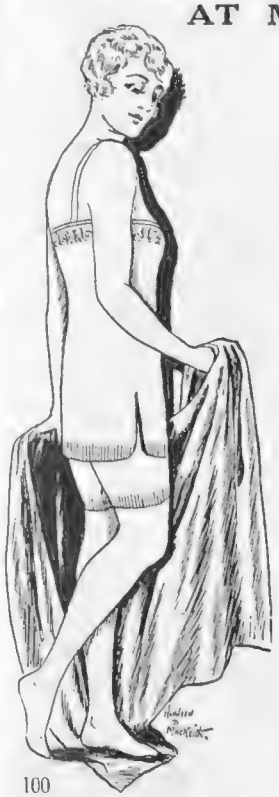

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Slender Women's.	Women's.	Outsize.	Extra.
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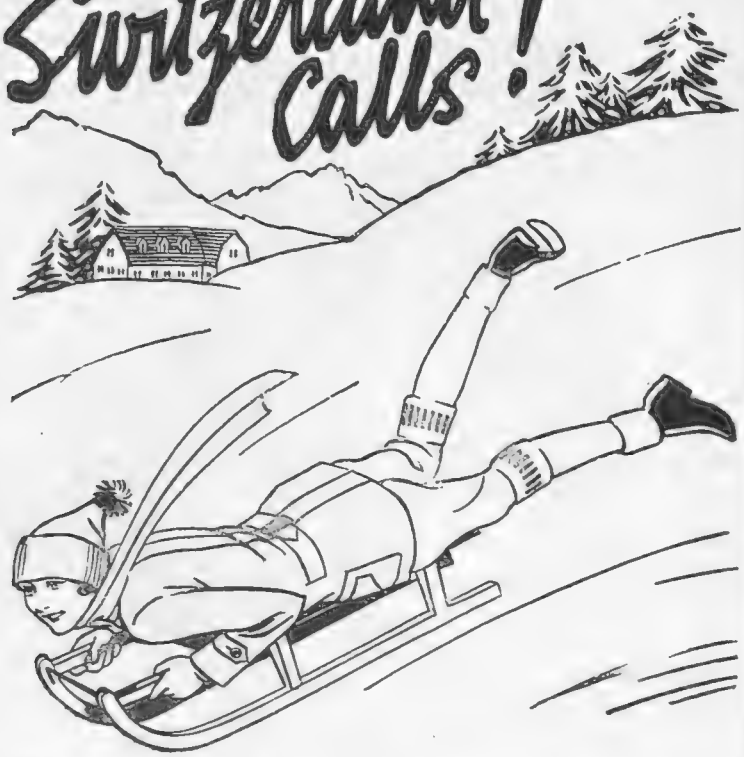

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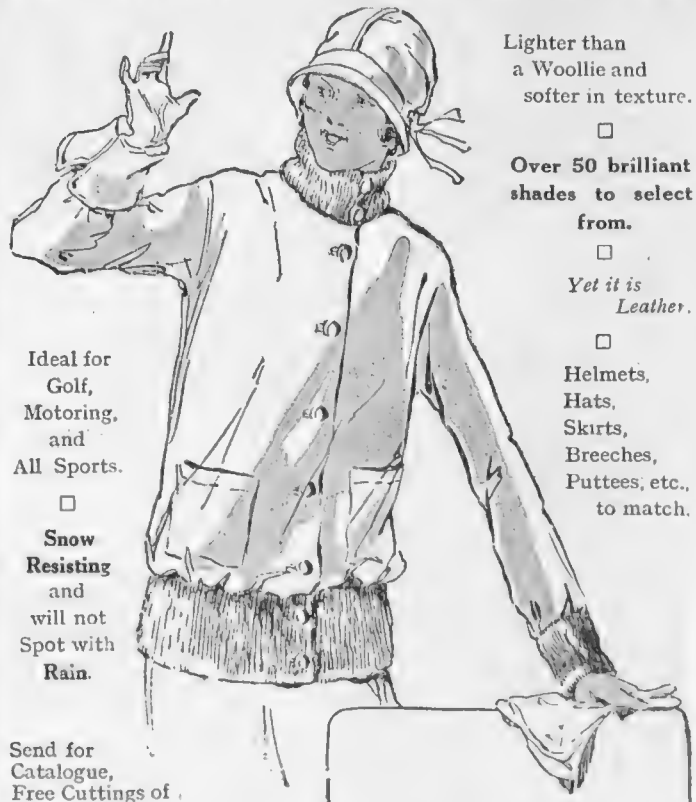

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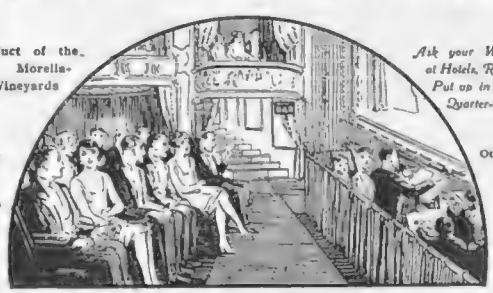

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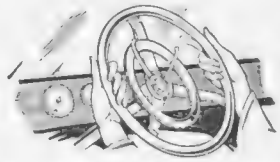

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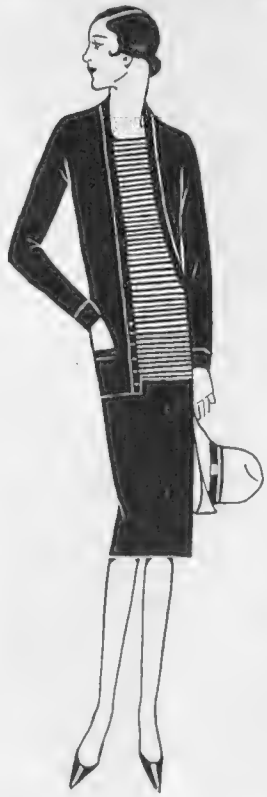

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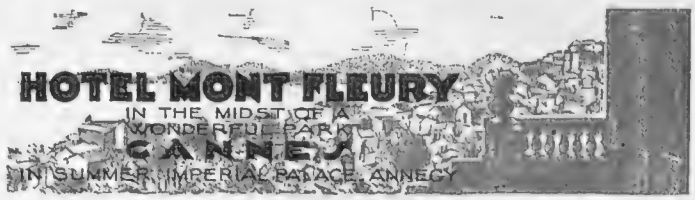

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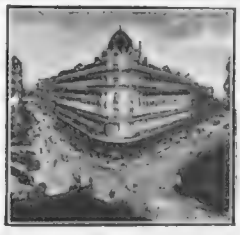

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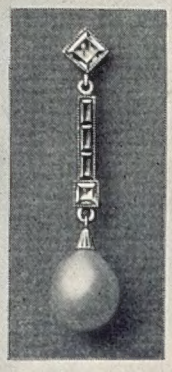

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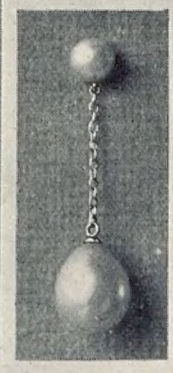

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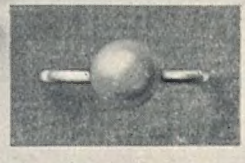

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